Vol. CXXVI. No. 1644.

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THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 19, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Frankfurt-a.-M.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds from RM. 4.

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(Continued on page A).

The Bystander, June 19, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1644. Vol. CXXVI.

LESLIE BANKS AND ELENA MIRAMOVA IN "THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS"

Leslie Banks and Elena Miramova have one of the best attempted-murder scenes in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" that have ever been put on the stage. She's his second wife, and he already wants a third—the Bluebeard—and after trying to poison her and being discovered, he gets a bit of rope and tries with that. A good scene, as one reviewer said, for "those with simple homicidal tastes." Elena Miramova is a Russian who has been on the stage since she was ten, mostly in America. She appeared in London for the first time as Grusinskaya, the dancer heroine of "Grand Hotel." One of her biggest Broadway successes was in "Times Have Changed"; its long run ended just before she came over here for the play at the St. Martin's

Lady Veronica Hornby, Lord Milton and Mr. Anthony Hornby sat on the club-house terrace and drank the drinks that come after golf, both for players and those who listen to the story of the round

The two lovely girls are Miss Ann Cole, one of the Dorchester beauties, and Miss Virginia Cherrill, the blonde Hollywood star; their escorts are Tommy and Terry Weldon

Right: Mr. Vincent Stoneham, Miss Yona Watson and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stoneham drinking their "five o'clocks," and the setting is the club-house verandah again

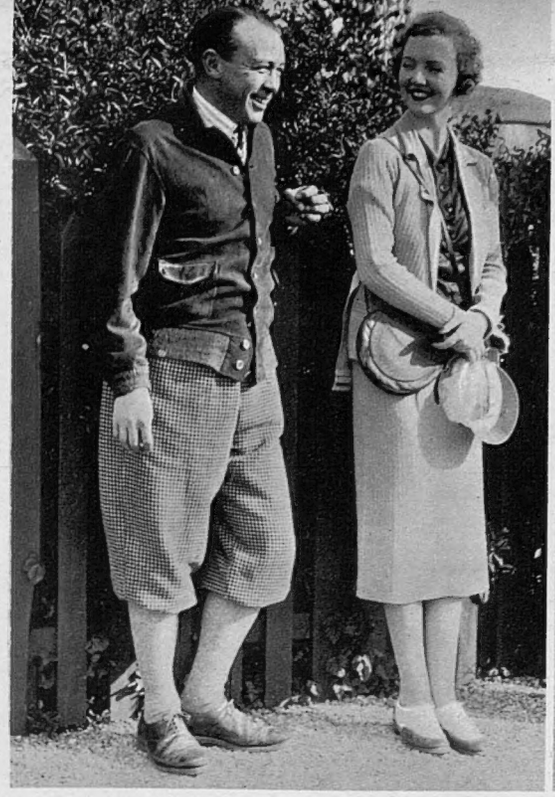
Right: Mrs. George Philipson and Mrs. Geoffrey Ackroyd were both doing a Whitsun repeat of their Easter cross-Channel trip

Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont was judged to be in the first three for Whitsun week-end good looks. She and her husband flew over as usual to Le Touquet

Right: view of the piscine, which was fairly well patronised. Lord Michelham gave a tea-party there one afternoon

The Whitsun Party At Le Touquet

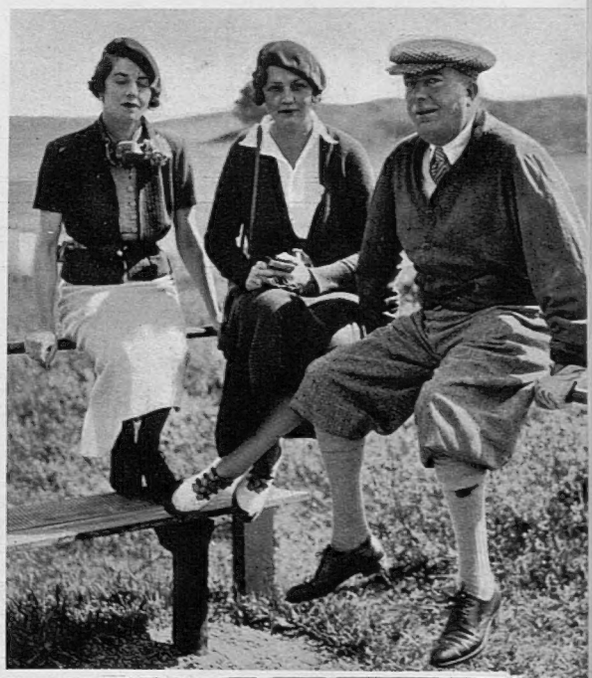
Golf By Day and Gambling By Night



Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Weber-Brown were staying at the Picardy, so were about seven hundred other people. She was Joan Gillilan, and he is on the Stock Exchange

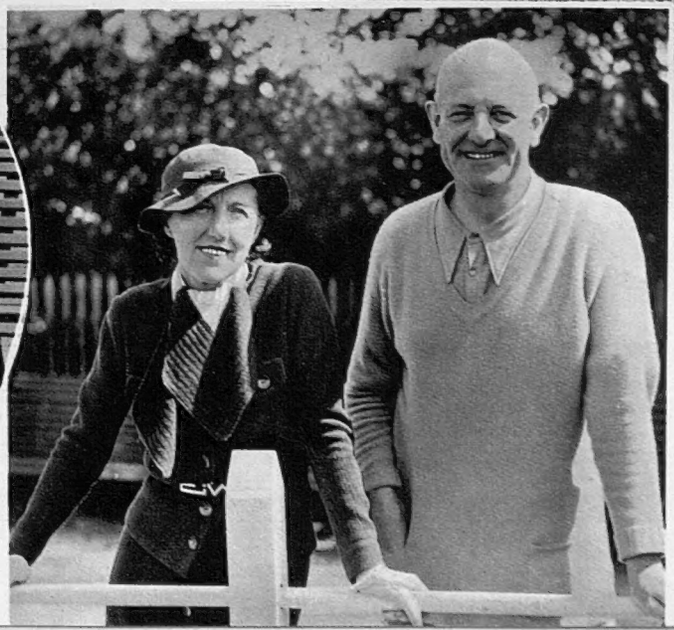
Here are Lord Castlerosse, Lady Milton, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Charles Sweeny. Mrs. Sweeny's striped suit was a good golf-spectator fashion

Right: Mrs. D. Neave, Miss Inez Quilter, Sir Cuthbert Quilter's eldest daughter, and Sir John Mullens played energetic golf. They were another trio out of the Picardy's seven hundred



Below, in the circle, are Mrs. Kenneth Wagg and the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu sitting in the wild west wind that blew over the golf course for half the week-end

Below, right: Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, who don't feature so regularly in the Le Touquet parade, were a definite plus to the Whitsun party



Royal Opera

The Queen's Night at Covent Garden

Lady Anne Hope is talking to Mr. Iain Murray. Her father, Lord Linlithgow, is much spoken of as a probable Viceroy of India

Lady Scarsdale, in turquoise blue, and Mme. Regis de Oliveira, in sapphire velvet, are talking to Mr. Bushell. This was on the night the Queen was in the royal box to hear "La Bohème"

Mr. and Mrs. Terence Skeffington-Smythe were in the house. She was Isobel McLean before her wedding in the spring

Above: the Marquesa de Portago and Captain Robinson

Right: Mr. Charles Nicholl, Mrs. Jack Coats, Mrs. Nicholl, and Mrs. Peter Horlick on their way to hear Grace Moore's Mimi

Noel Coward

Return of "The Scoundrel"—Noel Coward who is back in London at last, made one of his first social re-appearances since his return at Covent Garden

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 107

Sir Seymour Hicks

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS must find life very simple. Everything for him is reduced to the personal equation. As impatient as blazes, he wants to do everything, posting the bills, arranging the advertising, dusting the theatre, selling the seats, and hanging up the pictures—all in addition to acting and producing. In consequence, he has more than once been asked to speak up at a first night. A man of volcanic energy, he is seldom off the telephone when he is away from the theatre, and is always full of fresh ideas; mostly good ones.

Being sixty-four, he has just passed what is known as the grand climacteric and yet he has more vitality than all the young actors put together. Though the arch-wisecracker of the Profession, with a very quick and acid tongue, he always makes you feel that he has been longing to see you all his life. He is one of the leading pillars of the Garrick Club. If you like metaphors you can call him the Sacha Guitry and/or the Len Harvey of the English stage. People say that his acting is French, and it is true that he is one of the last remaining actors who act with their hands. But if the truth be told, he knows very little French, despite his superb accent.

"WALKER, LONDON" was probably his first big success; but then he was always at it, playing leading parts with the Kendals before he was twenty-one, and doing more than Noel Coward has ever done at a similar age. His nose is the most aggressive and persistent in London. His mannerisms include a fondness for prefacing every request with "My dear fellow, would you be so kind?" or "My dear fellow, if you would be so good."

Seymour Hicks knows all the stage tricks. He can make an artificial entrance better than anyone I know, and is a real champion at getting curtains, though in a different way from Matheson Lang. As for stamping his foot at a critical moment, there is no one to touch him. Without question, he is the greatest light comedian of all time, and is the only man alive who can play a scene as farce, switch it to sentimental comedy, and pull it back to farce without losing his audience for a second. In addition, he is one of the greatest living instructors of the art. He can make absolutely anyone act. His personality is dual. In his dressing-room he will be quiet and happy, but on the stage he strikes terror even into his stage manager—chiefly because he anticipates things that will never happen. All his life Seymour Hicks has been three paces ahead of himself. Otherwise he would have been knighted years ago.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Murder Treated

"Someone at the Door" (New Theatre)
"Night Must Fall" (Duchess Theatre)

Gentlemen and Players in a little country-house party which is not cricket. Bill (William Fox), Ronnie (Henry Kendall), and Sally (Nancy O'Neil)

"Someone at the Door" (New)

CONGRATULATIONS to Dorothy and Campbell Christie on writing such an extraordinary mixture of thrills and laughs as are to be found in *Someone at the Door*, which they describe as an adventure. I can also congratulate them on writing a crime play with an original idea.

I have heard of—indeed, I have known—a free-lance journalist who, finding that if a writer had a title his remuneration increased, invented a pen name for himself, and added a handle to it, with most gratifying financial results. That was ingenious, but not so clever as Ronnie Martin in this play, who realised that those associated with crime get articles paid for by the Sunday Press at a rate beyond the dreams of avarice.

WHAT a topping idea, therefore, to hide a sister; pretend that you have murdered her; be arrested, tried, and sentenced to death, and then present the supposed victim to the public alive and kicking and rake in a golden harvest!

Yes, that was the idea which Ronnie started to carry out, and the peck of trouble which followed makes one of the most amusing plays now to be seen in London, for, incidentally, it is very well written, with a keen sense of humour and a knowledge, also, of what will cause the flesh of an audience to go all goosey.

As the unwitting instigator of all the trouble, Henry Kendall gets laugh after laugh. He has a long part, for the weight of the play is on his shoulders, but he carries it with ease. Fellow-conspirators are played by Nancy O'Neil and William Fox with a nice sense of comedy which, when necessary, can be converted into strong stuff. The most forbidding cook of either sex is most amusingly played by Dennis Wyndham, and good work of a more serious sort is put in by Frank Petley and Walter Fitzgerald. Were I to follow the method of the invaluable Baedeker by starring that which is particularly worth seeing, I should assuredly give this * *, if not the maximum of * * *.

"Night Must Fall" (Duchess)

IF it would amuse you to see how differently authors can treat a murder theme, I would suggest that after seeing *Someone at the Door*, you pay a visit to the Duchess Theatre, where *Night Must Fall*, by Emlyn Williams, has been staged.

In the former thriller it is obvious that the authors have, first and foremost, gone all out to amuse an audience. In *Night Must Fall* what humour there is is provided, in the main, by subsidiary characters, and is almost, indeed, in the nature of old-fashioned comic relief, introduced as a sop to the simple-minded.

At the New Theatre you find the authors concealing the villain of the piece in a manner which would annoy

Sketches by Rouson

Something of a surprise packet: Sgt. Spedding (Walter Fitzgerald)

Right: the Professionals: Kapel (Frank Petley), a publican and sinner, and "Strangler" Price (Dennis Wyndham), who also cooks

In Two Manners

With the body, or, rather, what remains of it, in the hat-case. Dan (Emlyn Williams) as an artful graduate in the profession of murder

Scotland Yard; at the Duchess one knows from the start who is the murderer, for the prologue shows the verdict of Guilty confirmed by the Court of Appeal.

In the first case murder is treated with frivolity; in the next, it is treated with psychology, and you can pay your money and take your choice.

FROM the point of view of the critic this play by Emlyn Williams is the more easy to tackle, because one is not always in fear and trembling that, all unwittingly, the gaff may be blown on the surprise ending. Here, at the Duchess, is the author not only playing the part of a youthful murderer, but one about to repeat the dose on one more elderly, who showers affection upon him. I suppose that one ought to sympathise with his second victim, but Mrs. Bramson is such a horrible old woman that, if this had been Dan's first effort in the direction of murder, I should have felt that the Court would have been harsh in dismissing his appeal.

A clever touch in the play is the reaction of Mrs. Bramson's niece, Olivia, to the young scoundrel. She has no faith in him; indeed, her suspicions that he is a murderer are confirmed; and yet, believing him to be non-moral rather than bad, she cannot make up her mind to denounce him.

"NIGHT MUST FALL" grips the attention from the start and goes from strength to strength. Indeed, the last Act is one of the most frightening pieces of stage realism that it is possible to conceive. Only the least imaginative of playgoers could remain indifferent when we see a youth, whom we know to be a murderer, planning another killing. It is not so much his actions which matter; even his speech does not betray him, but, nevertheless, one is able to fathom the psychology of a criminal, thanks to the subtle acting of Emlyn Williams. Angela Baddeley, as the murdered woman's niece, shows that she possesses the gift of making an audience understand what is passing through her mind, which permits her to protect rather than denounce the youth she suspects of committing a capital offence — which is absolutely vital to the credibility of the play. The part of the old woman, Mrs. Bramson, gives Dame May Whitty an opportunity for picturing a genuine, though unpleasant, character-study, which she does with the greatest effect. This is all the more satisfactory as this clever actress has not been too lucky of late in having to play some very poor parts. Kathleen Harrison is once more a domestic with a rough tongue, which she uses to great advantage, and Matthew Boulton might have been a real Police Inspector.

Night Must Fall should be seen by all playgoers, except the nervously imaginative.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Right: the man who has the Last Laugh. Inspector Belsize (Matthew Boulton) gets his man

Below: three Badly Frightened Ladies — two with very good cause. Olivia Grayne (Angela Baddeley), Mrs. Bramson (May Whitty), and Mrs. Terence (Kathleen Harrison)

Victors in the "Bystander's" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes

Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp (Cavendish) beat Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Isa Anderson (Craigie Hill) by four and three in the thirty-six-hole final of the above competition, and the picture shows the winners receiving the prizes from Miss Benton, captain of the Moray Club

"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Lossiemouth (Moray)

The Concluding Chapter: the Cups Come South Again

By Eleanor E. Helme

Front row: Miss Bridget Newell, Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp (winners), Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Isa Anderson (runners-up). Back Row: Miss B. Steele, Miss Martin Smith, Mrs. Greenlees, and Miss Rabbidge, four semi-finalists

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT is, as you know, not very often that England has successfully invaded Scotland. This year, if ever, was their chance in the Scottish Foursomes, so many distinguished folk having come straight on from Newcastle, and Miss Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp were, beyond dispute, as likely a pair as any to do it. Miss Hartopp's swing may have become a trifle deranged lately, but her putts have been more than making amends for that; and Miss Newell is almost in a different class from where she stood twelve months ago, straightness and a reliable, well-intended chip shot having been added to the length that was always there. Moreover, as a pair, they have a stout record: runners-up in the Northern Foursomes at Ganton this spring, winners of the Midland Foursomes a fortnight later; nor must it be forgotten that Miss Newell won the Autumn Foursomes last year in company with Mrs. Carbutt.

SO the Scots must forgive the statement that these were as suitable a pair of winners as might be found, good as were the all-Scots or Scottish-English pairs who were sprinkled all through the draw. As runners-up, Miss Isa and Miss Jessie Anderson went one rung further than last year, and both have come on so much that at this rate they will certainly win next if the partnership still holds together. Miss Jessie's putting broke to bits in the final, and that was the real reason of their defeat; she possibly felt too much that a great deal depended on her. It was, perhaps, a needless anxiety, since the elder sister was pulling her weight with a will this year, but a natural one. A good many people, English as well as Scottish, would have dearly liked to see the sisters pull it off, but we must wait for that till another time. As for the semi-finalists, Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Rabbidge, Miss Martin-Smith and Miss Steele, they are both pairs who ought to win some day; revenge plans are already being laid to try and take at least one of the Autumn Foursomes Cups back over the Border when October 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th arrive at Ranelagh.

NOW to go back and give you a chronicle. As for the weather, let us dismiss it once and for all as miserable. I, who know and love Lossiemouth as a place of warmth and sunshine and blue hills, felt as if I had come to some unknown spot under murky, grey skies, generally raining. In addition, a biting north-easter sent the BYSTANDER flag floating defiantly down the first hole, and players scurrying for warmth the moment rounds were over, instead of sitting round the natural amphitheatre of the last green, chatting and basking in the sun, a glass or a teacup in hand to mellow criticism. When the sun did at last shine on the final, strangers could hardly recognise the place; the inhabitants and I at last knew where we were.

Two tragedies overtook us on the second morning; Mrs. Symington had been sent for to a sick son, and so Mrs. Holm had to scratch; disappointment at seeing no more of Mrs. Holm's fine golf, and condolences with the cause, mingled with commiseration for the couples they had already beaten. And it would have been good fun to see them giving two strokes to Mrs. M. L. Clarke and Mrs. Hudson that morning. The other Mrs. Clark, from Troon, constituted the other tragedy, she having sprained her ankle, so that she and her daughter had to scratch too.

HOWEVER, a tournament or a championship is a cruel, forgetful community. The King is dead: long live the King! With no Mrs. Holm to watch, we turned instead to the back-marking pair, Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Rabbidge, only thankful that Mrs. Greenlees had struggled out in spite of a quite appalling cold. Eleven strokes they had to give that morning, to

(Continued on page 528)

If These Are Hats, What's Fashionable?

THERE'S never been a summer when a more odd, unmatched, variegated collection of hats went around London on fashion-following heads. If there is one topical shape for the hat, there are fifty, and a proportionate lack of excuses for those ninnies who still choose unbecoming ones. The postman, the Welshwoman, the vicar, the cossack have all cast the shadow of their influence across the doorway of the milliner's shop, whence issue forth strange echoes of their accustomed headwear. If there 's a reason for this loose grip on fashion's strings, it must be the weather. After all, there 's never been a summer when we were so consistently homesick for our fur coats. And it always saves trouble to blame the weather. In England it 's the excuse for anything—or almost anything. So why not for hats?

• FILMS of the DAY

Films for Chaps

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Left: Madeleine Carroll as the girl who has been brought into John Buchan's story in the film version, and Robert Donat as David Hannay, in the thriller at the New Gallery. Alfred Hitchcock, the director, has produced some fine suspense-moments

"The Thirty-Nine Steps"

"The Divine Spark"

Arthur Margetson as Tosi, Benita Hume as Ginditta Pasta, his opera-singer mistress, and Martha Eggerth as Maddalena, his fiancée, who loves Bellini. The composer, played by Phillips Holmes, is the hero of this Gaumont-British musical film, which was made in Italy under the direction of Carmine Gallone, and is now at the Curzon

"FAR from me be it" to suggest that women are not interested in the serious and mechanical side of life. I would be immediately refuted and confused by the fact that Miss Jean Batten, who introduces the *R. A. F.* film at the Polytechnic, has performed miracles of valour and endurance in the air. Records are records. But it must be admitted that the fact that she is charming and attractive to look on makes her accomplishment the more interesting and surprising. Ask yourself what is the significance of this element of surprise when a girl not altogether disconnected from lipstick and its attendant implications flies alone from England to Australia and back again.

I may be wrong, but I am persuaded that the films I have to advocate this week—and they are exceptionally good films—are of more particular interest to men than to women.

DEPARTING from precedent, and accepting the dictates of merit, I must mention first a "short": Mr. Paul Rotha's *Shipyard*. This is perhaps the most brilliant piece of film-craft to come from an English studio. Anyone who has read Paul Rotha's books on the cinema, or has considered his work, must realise that he has been inspired by, and is saturated with, the lore of the earlier German and later Russian practitioners; but by virtue of his own imagination and applied experience, he has gone beyond his masters.

"SHIPYARD" is the pictorial history of the building of a ship; but do not think that it lacks emotion. It is a thrilling and beautiful picture. Photography, content, and even vocalisation are perfectly attuned. The voice and accent of the commentator are indigenous to the picture. The choice and individualisation of types, the mechanical sounds, and the beatification of machinery are unique. At the risk of being patronising, I must say if you want to realise to the full the possibilities and scope of cinematographic art, see Paul Rotha's two-reel *Shipyard* at the Polytechnic, or, after June 17th, at the Curzon.

THEN there is *R.A.F.*, which one must regard as topical and appropriate propaganda for the Air Force. It is what I should call a straightforward film. It shows the training, physical, mental and practical, to which R.A.F. cadets are subjected. This is all interesting and reassuring. The thrills come towards the end of the picture, parachute descents and formation-flying (deplorably they call this "aerobatics"), brilliantly executed and photographed, and I would recommend anyone looking at this picture to imagine not only the expertness of the members of the Royal Air Force, but also that of the pilot and photographer who make this presentation possible.

"R.A.F." is a "thriller"; so, in its way, is *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. John Buchan, at the dinner given by Gaumont-British before the première of the film of his now famous book, said that, for the baser purposes of politics, he might prefer an alias (you may have heard of "Lord Tweedsmuir"), but he preferred to keep his original name for fiction and film work. He also said that the film was not very like his book, but that Alfred Hitchcock, the director, known to the film world as "Hitch," and described by Mr. Beverley Baxter as "The Buddha of British films," had improved on his story. Grand director! Generous author! The film *The Thirty-Nine Steps* is fun. Robert Donat is a grand hero, in the Ronald Colman-Bulldog Drummond tradition. Madeleine Carroll is thinner, and more mobile. There is humour as well as what the professional critics call suspense value.

The initial idea, a "loverly" spy murdered in the flat of her rescuer, who carries on her work for patriotic reasons and is pursued to Scotland by the police, who suspect him of murder, as well as the enemy agents, gives plenty of scope for excellently handled melodrama, and the photography, particularly at the opening of the picture, is significant and good. The man-hunt among Scottish scenery is just what patrons of this kind of film will enjoy. Godfrey Tearle is a most adequate but rather aloof and not very sinister or professorial villain. Frank Cellier has a small part as a Scottish sheriff, and is immaculate as ever.

MARGO

A new portrait of the lovely Spanish girl who started her film career in that superb best-seller, "Crime Without Passion," and continued it by appearing as a dancer in "Rumba," in which George Raft and Carol Lombard starred. Margo, whose real name, as should never be forgotten, is Maria Margharita Guadalupe Bastado de Castella y Materro, began acting in Mexico, and then went abroad to continue her studies, especially dancing. She dances well, has plenty of temperament, looks and personality. Like many another beautiful Hollywood girl, she should get on in the world—and, in any case, it's time she was in another film

Less "Public" Peers . . .

Captured and Captioned

Lord Berwick

LORD BERWICK, who owns Attingham, near Shrewsbury, one of the finest Georgian gems in all England, looks like the best sort of Bishop and took the part of one in last year's Shropshire Pageant. Is eighth Baron, has gentle, self-deprecatory way of talking unexpected in former diplomat, but concealing wealth of information on agriculture, history, and the fine arts. His wife is very beautiful and always will be, which cannot be said of many peeresses. Her beautiful name is Teresa, and she was brought up in Venice. They work hard to keep Attingham in apple-pie order, fulfil numerous obligations and are too clever to find country life dull. Lord Berwick won't learn to drive a car, which proves his wisdom

Lord Kinross

LORD KINROSS, Harrow and Balliol, has lightning wit, despite deafness. Only known to Mayfair through bright pen-pushing son and namesake, Patrick Balfour. Himself advocate son of brilliant advocate son-of-the-Manse. Careful golfer. Hard-working pater familias. Director Bank of Scotland, etc. Lives in windswept Heriot Row, most respectable street in Edinburgh's most respectable quarter. Younger boy David inherits conversational charm, and is deservedly popular with pretty girls. Two daughters suitably married, the third and cleverest stage-bound. Inevitably an Archer, also entitled to sit in window of New Club and watch umbrellas being blown inside out in Princes Street. Undemonstrative, intellectual and likeable

Lord Romilly

LORD ROMILLY, though popular in his Brigade days, avoids public life. "Bunny," blonde and gentle, with conventional Eton and Coldstream good manners, fought bravely, aged nineteen, in 1918, deserving his two medals. Due comment in Jubilee year as made exemplary page at the Coronation, carrying Queen Mary's train. Lives in dreary Oxford Square, with charming wife "Diana," only daughter of Lord Sackville. Wedding at Knole six years ago most beautiful ever staged—far from a Beaton wedding number. Bride's author brother, Eddie Sackville-West, composed organ music played in Elizabethan chapel. Hobbies include ski-ing; Christian name "Gaspard"; and club, the Guards. Is fourth Baron—heir none

Marquess of Downshire

LORD DOWNSHIRE, a bachelor who was forty-one in April, takes little interest in social whirl. Mother, Lady Laycock, and sister, Lady Kathleen Rollo, are by-words in huntin' world, but own excursions rarely chronicled. Hunts mildly with the Garth. Is seventh Marquess. Owns Easthampstead Park, Wokingham, and property in County Down. Helped the Red Cross during hostilities. Family founded 1717 by Trevor Hill. Has string of Christian names and list of peaceful predecessors with motto, "By God and my sword I have obtained." Titles include Earl of Hillsborough, Viscount Hillsborough, Viscount Fairford, Viscount Kilwarin, Baron Harwich and Baron Hill. Heir-presumptive, brother, Francis Hill, whose wife is red-headed beauty

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

A KNOWLEDGABLE man just back from Greece tells us we may reasonably expect the return of King George II. before long. The Greek restoration may thus, possibly, lead the way to the return of the other kings, which is long overdue. Alas for the Great Rosy Democratic Dawn which was hailed a few years ago with such whoops in various parts of Europe, and which has declined into a demd demp depressing winter day, instead of one intoxicating blaze of sunshine and joy, as advertised! We 'd certainly have a bet on the return of the Archduke Otto before long. That excellent young man could put Austria on her feet again as nobody else could. Then, with the restoration of the Habsburgs in Spain, which also needs a king again, another Habsburg in Germany—or, failing him, one of the more civilised Hohenzollerns—and a Bourbon in France, we might finally see the discomfiture of some of the crooks and thugs and time-servers who have made democracy in Europe a synonym for every kind of low and dirty trick.

While the throneward movement is proceeding, we think—correct us if wrong or vulgar—the Americans, who love even Russian princelets and obscure German royalties to death, might have a chance too. We think they 'd enjoy it. It would take an American king about twenty-four hours—one week less than Napoleon—to establish a brand-new Court. The dowagers of the Four Hundred would be curtseying on the piers of New York long before his ship was in sight. Don't think we 're looking down our nose. We think monarchy is the government most natural and healthy to man. Even when it 's corrupt it 's more human and answerable than the rule of the gangsters. So hey!

Faëry Lands Forlorn

ENCOUNTERING in a new book an evening meal of roast mutton, vegetables, bread-and-jam, and tea, consumed in some London suburb unnamed, Mr. Arthur Machen recently hazarded the suggestion that the suburb is Highbury; and Arthur Machen should know. There are hidden quarters of London so unbelievable, so dim, so unearthly, that only Heaven and Mr. Machen know of them. (He is the only living man, for example, who has ever set foot in Barnsbury.) He can take you to strange dead squares and crescents in the wild uplands beyond (say) St. Pancras which are as unknown to the average London explorer as if they were the Mountains of the Moon, and as awesome as Mr. Machen's dark native mountains of Gwent, which—as is well known—are haunted by strange presences, as a Roman province should be.

The most sinister things may be happening in such places at this moment. Behind those decorous stucco or brownstone or sooty red-brick Victorian fronts, behind those murky lace curtains there may be spinsters engaged in devil-worship, or naked ministers of Baal gashing themselves with knives, or celebrations of the more terrible rites of Osiris, or even the Eleusinian Mysteries themselves. Why has nobody ever written a definitive History of Clapham, for a hundred years the home of curious unheard-of sects? We once heard of a flat in a prosaic block in unromantic Clerkenwell in which there was a certain room which gave anyone who slept in it nightmares of the most overpoweringly evil and ghastly kind.

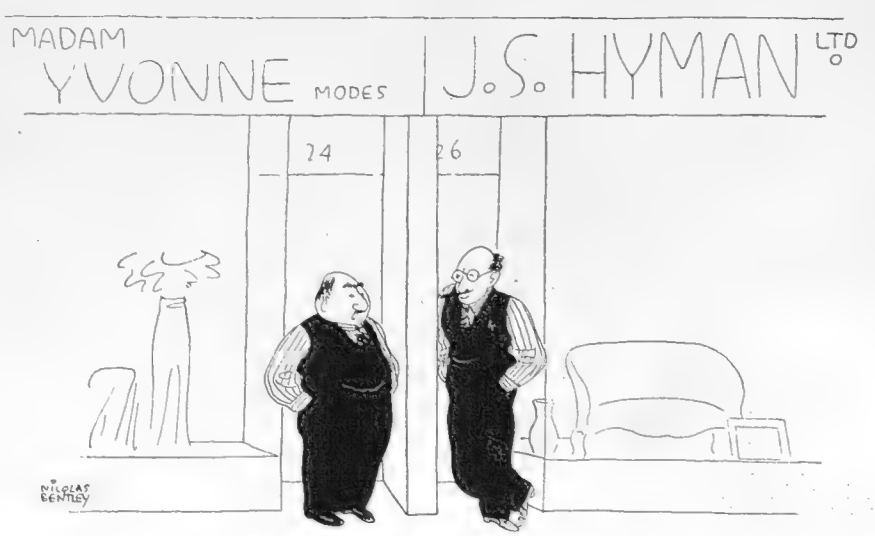
Stranger things may occur in long, grey, suburban London streets than in the jungles of the Amazon, and we don't believe Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights* or Machen's *Three Imposters* (which is a better story) exaggerates probabilities to any degree.

Often in buses we see faded spinsters clutching reticules who may be going home to some midnight Saturnalia, the cymbals clashing in their bony hands as they leap in panther-skins round the Goat-God, the eyes behind their spectacles red with lust and cruelty. Who knows? (Not you, to begin with.)

Hush-Hush Baby

FOR the *n*th time the Garbo has fled Hollywood in what Reuter (smart lad) describes as "a blaze of secrecy," employing the old familiar methods—the secret departure; the old clothes; the ancient car; the anguished huddling in the corner; the frenzied scurry to the train, while all the photographers in Hollywood open fire. She 's done it so often now that it isn't very interesting, though its publicity value seems to remain unchanged. For how much longer, one wonders. There may come a time—absit omen!—when the Garbo can ride to the station nude on a tricycle, accompanied by a squadron of cavalry and five brass bands, and firing a pistol in either hand, without a single spectator betraying the faintest interest.

Before that regrettable moment arrives, all flesh being grass and all things moving to their end, we should like her, just once, to effect an historic meeting with our own leading exponent of the same kind of publicity; a meeting which is so long overdue. The Garbo and Sir James, each disguised as somebody else and heavily masked, hiding from everybody in terror and taking cover like startled fawns, could lead their persecutors a pretty dance half over London before they crept shyly by devious routes to their rendezvous in Hyde Park,



"Well, Yvonne, how 's business?"

" Your move, George "

triumphant and alone except for 1500 photographers, newsreel-men, interviewers, gossip boys, special write-up boys, sob sisters, floodlight operators, and policemen keeping back the mob.

We 're not suggesting this in any carping spirit. We think these two great artists show up the simple, naïve, hackneyed methods of the average publicity-agent as consummately as a Rembrandt shows up a Royal Academy daub. Why was the sword of Haroun-al-Raschid so famous ? Because, at a time when every other great sword bore a sonorous name, it had absolutely no name at all. Who makes the most noticeable figure at every high diplomatic jamboree — the personages peacocking about in gold and velvets and feathers and jewels, or the American Ambassador in plain evening clothes ? You see ?

Bull's-Eye Department

BEST debunking operation of the month, so far :

They were rapacious and loathsomely cruel ; they thought nothing of dealing double ; they betrayed each other with perfect equanimity ; they had the morals of pirates and the arrogance of fools. There was something devilish about them.

It refers, pets, to the holy Elizabethans on whom we were all brought up, and whom the innocent film industry is still glorifying. Debunker, Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, in the *London Mercury*. He adds, quite accurately, that Raleigh had pig's eyes. You won't find it in the history books.

Another deep-rooted legend ripe for debunking is the Romantic Romany one. We know a man who is now working on it. The fruits of his world-wide research will probably be published under the title (suggested by us) *Tzigane or Nuts*. Not recommended by the Book Society.

Façade

DUBIOUSLY contemplating a £20,000 pearl, once the property of Louis XIV., at the exhibition of Russian Art in Belgrave Square, we debated the truth of the story which claimed it for the actual twin of the pearl Cleopatra once dissolved in vinegar and drank in Antony's presence. This the girl never did, according to reliable historians. Even if she did, it was rather a silly thing to do, even for a spoilt blonde, which Mr. Weigall has assured us was Cleopatra's colouring. Still, it made a good head-line.

Apart from the exquisite Easter eggs of Fabergé, most of the jewellery seemed to us as barbaric as the Russian Ballet, and designed, moreover, for more opulent bosoms than are built nowadays. Few modern dowagers, or even prime donne, are capable of doing justice to that corsage ornament, with amethysts the size

" I 'm teaching them that the body is beautiful, and not indecent "

of eggs, which Tsar Alexander I. gave to an English Marchioness, and if they were nobody would like it very much. Façades made for that kind of ostentation—the kind whose owners the French describe, quite picturesquely, as having "beaucoup de monde sur le balcon"—were not merely decorative. Under the stress of emotions common to their period (and since obsolete) they heaved very awesomely with indignation or grief or noble self-sacrifice. Gentlemen in whiskers reclined on them for solace or—who knows?—merely because they felt tired. Barring the bugles and sequins and diamonds with which they were often plastered, and the steel or whalebone struts fencing them in, they may have been comfortable. Whenever we read a Russian novel of the nineteenth century we see long rows of them, each with a very miserable gentleman attached, weeping and complaining about his soul. Some of them (we mean the specimens of upholstery) may have been detachable. (It 's not difficult for us to treat this difficult topic with delicacy, because we are naturally nice-minded.) We were just going on to wonder whether any of them were ever explosive, because we once saw the Fratellini at the Cirque Médrano dressed as dowagers of this massive type. Somebody suddenly stuck pins into their chests, which exploded with a loud report. It all seemed very real and terrifying to us.

"It 's slipping away from us, Sir James—it 's slipping away"

Sixpenn'orth of Mixed

WE had a charming wire from the late Postmaster-General, saying, "Greetings by sixpenny telegram Kingsley Wood." Apart from general moral reflections on the increasing efficiency of the Post Office and its remarkably intelligent publicity, which makes the efforts of more than one business corporation we could mention look pretty amateur, it struck us that the sixpenny telegram may become a new civilising force, amply repaying investigation. Examples:

(*a*) Women, disciplining of. Telephoning a woman to say that love is dead, or that you have forgotten the asparagus, leads merely to lengthy and unprofitable conversation. They can't answer a sixpenny back.

(*b*) Business men, disciplining of. Nine times out of ten Mr. Gizzick's secretary tells you over the 'phone that Mr. Gizzick is "in conference." (Ho, ho! Conference!) A sixpenny wire soberly summing up your impressions of Mr. Gizzick gets Mr. Gizzick in the very bosom of his conference, interrupts the chairman's lewdest story, and spares you the waiting, the six repeated calls, and that final apoplexy and spluttering of business men which are so distressing to the polite ear.

(*c*) Bookmakers, swindling of. We don't practise this, but we know how it 's done. Obviously it 's cheaper now.

(*d*) Maurice Baring, Muse of. Some time ago Mr. Baring, very properly desiring to castigate a Fleet Street "literary" editor who had wronged him, sent him a bitter telegram in the form of a ballade. Only the Envoi could be got in, and that at enormous expense. Under the sixpenny régime lovers of the Ballade may get the opening verse as well; a point worth consideration by those who care for poetry.

The P.M.G.'s next task is to do something for Old Blues, small children, and others who find the composition of telegrams a severe mental labour.

Sackcloth Department

NO apologies due to anybody this week, to our surprise. Cake and wine (one glass), therefcre, with the Editor of the BYSTANDER. Congratulations from the printers. A big kiss from the Advertisement Manager. All this week rich women friends of the Book Critic crowd the BYSTANDER office, strewing roses in our path and offering us marriage, and Hugh ("Stop-Me-and-Buy-One") Walpole has offered to write us an introduction and/or panegyric any time we need one. We just wanted you to know that whatever journalism may be like elsewhere, we preserve in this office certain gracious old-world amenities which, etc., etc.

THE BYSTANDERS.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 35.—H. G. Wells

YOUNG H. G. Wells
Would weave his spells
Around the ordinary folk one meets
In village store
And workshop, or
In human hordes upon suburban streets,
Or thrill us all in manner quite terrific
With horrors à la pseudo-scientific.

Then came the War,
And to the fore
Was he with books that proved whose was the blame,
While urging you
To see it through
(Like Mr. Britling, not unknown to fame),
For in those days he showed in manner hearty
That he was for the State and not a Party.

But nowadays
His fancy strays
To subjects very much more erudite;
On politics,
Financial tricks,
And Social Science he delights to write,
While demonstrating, in a way that 's paying,
That "Truth is Found in Wells" is no vain saying.

B. W.

Grace Moore's Social Début

A Party After the Opera

Mr. Geoffrey Toye, Covent Garden's managing director, and his star of the evening, Miss Grace Moore, at the party he gave for her at Claridge's after her London début in "La Bohème." As she had gone almost nowhere before her first night at Covent Garden, the party was her introduction to London's social life, where she'll certainly be as much of a success as her singing gives her time for

Mr. Anderson Lawler and Miss Kay Francis, another U.S.A. star who has made herself very well liked during her English visit. She went back to America on the Normandie last Saturday

Col. Fred Lawson, Mrs. Carl Bendix and Mr. Richard Stoke

Above: the Hon. David Herbert, Lady Caroline Paget, Mrs. Dorothy Fleitman and Mr. Dwight Wyman on their way to their Claridge's supper after hearing "La Bohème"

Right: Mr. Camillo Aldao, who shares with Felix Ferry the responsibility of bringing the Monte Carlo Girls to Park Lane, talking to Lady Queensberry, whose hair was fashionably constellated

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Left: Mrs. Elizabeth Wrenn Du Pont and Mr. Leonard Govett announced their engagement immediately after Whitsun, which they both spent at Le Touquet. He is the youngest son of the late F. A. Govett, and Mrs. Govett, of Holliday House, Sunningdale, and she is the daughter of the late H. L. Wrenn, and Mrs. Wrenn, of New York and Washington, D.C.

Right: Mr. Nigel Fisher, only son of the late Com. Sir Thomas Fisher, R.N., and Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, and Lady Gloria Vaughan, the Earl and Countess of Lisburne's eldest daughter, had a St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding just before Whitsun. She wore stiff white satin, with a wreath of white flowers to match her bouquet

The Fisher-Vaughan Wedding

A Le Touquet Engagement

well-dressed regulars we noticed were Mrs. "Flash" Kellett, whose piquant good looks are well known, and Mrs. Michael Portman, pretty even behind large black spectacles. Her husband, popularly known as "Winky," is one of the few Beau Brummels of the age.

Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine is another, perhaps the best of all, and I must include Major "Flash" Kellett in the running.

Fun for a Country Cousin

We must certainly hand it to Captain Frank Covell for putting staid places like the Ritz and the Carlton on the map as dinner and supper certainties.

Dwight Fiske's opening at the latter last week was so gay, crowded and smart, you might have thought you were in one of those Park Lane Hotels that have rejuvenated London with their Beauty Cabaret stuff.

It was one night of life for a country cousin who was with us, and we were able to point out the Duke and Duchess of Kent, whom she had never dreamt of seeing "so close to." The Duchess wore just the right shade of pink with an ostrich-feather-trimmed cape, and they were with Lord and Lady Milford Haven.

The sight of Gertrude Lawrence, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, Kay Francis, and Virginia Cherrill thrilled the country cousin to the core, and when she spied her favourite of all stars (ex, she may be), Lady Charles Cavendish, her evening was complete.

Lady Charles was in a biggish party which included her husband and his sister, Lady Anne Hunloke, and wore an amusing gold "bib" and napkin-ring bracelets with a plain black dress. Mrs. Charles Cartwright had an enormous round-table party, her guests including the Baroness Ravensdale, the Pat Andersons (she wearing a dark-blue taffetas ensemble, and playing with the idea of a holiday in Cornwall), Mr. Geoffrey Toye, and Miss Auriol Lee, who enjoys the somewhat lonely distinction of being a successful woman play-producer.

Everyone Likes Her

It must be fun to go and see an Astaire film with Fred's sister, Lady Charles Cavendish (already mentioned). We saw her in a party at *Roberta* the other night. She is the most generous-hearted person in the world, and when watching her beloved brother and whoever her successor may be, keeps on exclaiming, "Isn't she marvellous! I could never have done that." We know she could, and how! Adele Cavendish's popularity with all and sundry is unrivalled. Hers is such a definite, loveable personality, full of frankness, charm and humour.

Whitsun in Scotland

The Seafields are great friends of ours. We like the way they run their quiet life, coming to London and staying at the hotel over the restaurant that they like best, taking a villa in the south of France, and having the friends that they like best; then retiring, when they sicken of the Mayfair racket, to the countessial fastnesses of Castle Grant and Cullen. A friend of ours flew up on Saturday for Whitsun, and back on Tuesday last. On landing at Heston in semi-darkness, he repaired to the bar for a drink. Anxious, as all aviators are who have battled against a 35-m.p.h. head-wind for six-and-a-half hours, he told the barman where he had been. "I was born in the village on the estate of Cullen," replied the barman. Bromidic as it may be, we still say that it is a small world.

Miss Daphne Kingsmill's Pekinese, called Pooh, behaves herself as a lady in every sense of the word, as Dwight Fiske would probably say. On the double flight from Heston to Aberdeen she did not even act as badly as Tiddles, Florence Desmond's famous baby flying over the North Pole. She just said, "No, no, a thousand times no," and behaved herself. Our boy friend also tells us that it was a packet of fun up at the week-end. The Smileys (Nancy Beaton to you) were up there. Paddy Bellew, brother of the Somerset Herald, and artist in the Batemanesque manner, dressed up one evening for dinner as a French lady of a type which we forbear to describe in these columns. It was, however, an improvement on his efforts at Easter-time, when he dressed up for dinner one evening as the Laird of McIsaacs. He used on that occasion a motor-rug as a kilt, firetongs as a sporran, and cotton-wool as a moustache and beard. Up at the back of Cullen they have a mountain called the Birrrn, pronounced as when the just-ex-Prime Minister makes a speech about the worrrld. The great idea is to climb the Birrrn. So far as we have been able to ascertain, the road to the Birrrn is paved with good intentions. Things are done in the grand manner at Cullen—just cash cheques for any amount at the estate office, and, so far as we know, they have only had one dud.

True to Type

From all accounts it seems a pity that we missed the Whitsun week-end at Le Touquet. It was apparently true to type, and by that, if you have ever been there, you will know what I mean; and if you haven't, you won't have an idea.

The same old faces I hear, were around. Yes, but new ones, too, like Miss Virginia Cherrill, and the lovely Mrs. Hart Davis is surely scarcely an habituée.

At the Piccadilly Hotel, that cathedral-like edifice at the end of the Casino Garden, M. Wibbels turned away three-hundred-and-twenty people. Lord and Lady Churston got in at the very last moment, after a somewhat hazardous journey across the Channel in a very small boat.

A Large Party

That prince of hosts, Mr. Philip Hill, had a large party with him, and

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Yevonde

Miss Susan Henderson

Above: one of last week's engagement announcements was that of Susan Henderson and Mark Pilkington, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert C. Pilkington, of Little Offley, Hitchen, Herts. She is the elder daughter of the late Hon. Alec Henderson, and Lady (Murrough) Wilson, and came out last year

Right: another important bit of engagement news is that Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, the twenty-year-old daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe, is to marry the Duke of Roxburghe. He succeeded to the title in 1932, came of age last year, and is in the Blues

by that I don't mean the portly Viscount only! We hear that the standard of looks round the place was very high, Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont being one of the prettiest women there. She would be anywhere, in our humble opinion.

If you have the herd instinct, Le Touquet is heaven at any Bank Holiday week-end. If you are lucky, you *can't* get a seat at the tables (thereby saving money). You can't get a drink in the bar (more money saved, and good for your health!). You may just get a room in a hotel, and a game of golf if you stay up late enough and drive off in your evening clothes. Anyway, it's the place for fun and games, and we like it.

Yvonne Gregory

Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes

Famous Bachelor Flat

Out of the week-end, a surprise engagement emerges. No one seems to have even smelt a romance between Mrs. Wrenn Du Pont and Leonard Govett. It's clever in these days to be able to spring a surprise announcement like this on your friends. It's usually the other way round. Romances are suspected and nothing happens! Mrs. Du Pont is an attractive American, well known in St. Moritz and Riviera circles. Leonard Govett is about the last inhabitant of the famous bachelor flat opposite Claridge's, inhabited from time to time by John Findlay (now married), Ralph Cobbold (ditto), "Eddie" Tatham, and Sir Robert Throckmorton, still left to us, thank heaven!

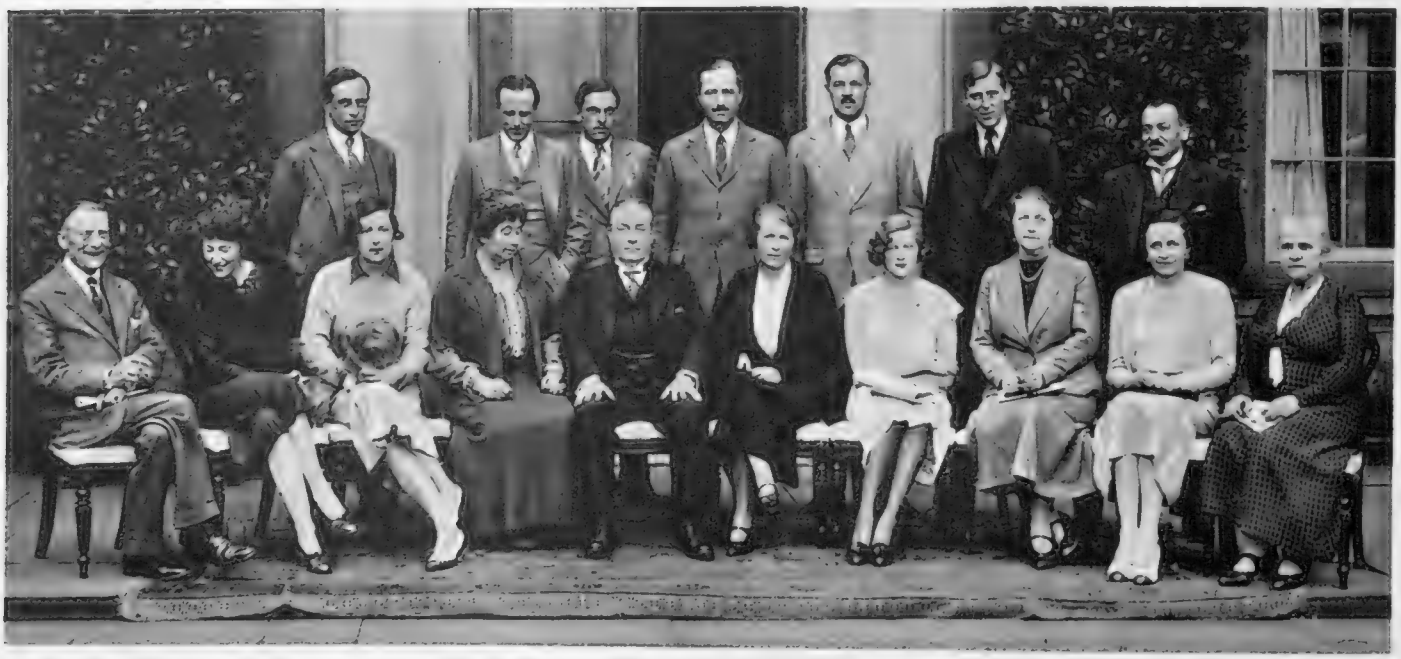
New-Fashioned Beauty

If you like "ye olde atmosphere," go to Dean's Yard, Westminster, on one of the last five days of this month.

You can buy old-fashioned "eats," silks, books, and heaven knows what else, and, incidentally, help the Westminster Hospital, which must be rebuilt, or it will soon fall down.

You will also see new-fashioned beauts in old-fashioned clothes, and the most diverting exhibitions of tumbling, wire-walking, and all sorts of old-fashioned fun.

MISS PEEPS



The House Party to Meet the New Prime Minister

Mr. Baldwin's first date after he became Prime Minister for the third time was to stay with Lord Dudley at Himley ("Royal Honeymoon") Hall and make a speech at the huge political demonstration there on Whit Saturday. In the house-party group above are (sitting) Sir Austen Chamberlain, Lady Gage, Lady Patricia Ward, Mrs. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, Lady De La Warr, Lady Dufferin and Ava, Lady Chamberlain, Mrs. Euan Wallace, Mrs. E. Brown; (standing) Lord Gage, Lord De La Warr, Lord Dufferin and Ava, Lord Dudley, Captain Euan Wallace, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, M.P., Mr. Baldwin's private secretary, and Mr. Ernest Brown, the new Minister for Labour

MR. ANTHONY EDEN: CABINET MINISTER AT THIRTY-EIGHT

Mr. Anthony Eden, for whom in Mr. Baldwin's new Cabinet a new post has been created—that of Minister without Portfolio for League of Nations Affairs—started his political career in 1923, when he became M.P. for Warwick and Leamington. He served his apprenticeship in foreign affairs as P.P.S. to Sir Austen Chamberlain from 1926 to 1929, became Parliamentary Secretary to the Foreign Office in 1931, and in 1934 was appointed Lord Privy Seal without Cabinet rank. Since 1934 he has built up an amazing reputation, both in England and abroad; he inspires in his own country an enormous trust in his ability to handle with intelligence, tact and honesty the various international problems that come his way. This fine camera-portrait of him is by Fayer of Vienna, and has been shown in the latter's exhibition of photographs at Dorland House which closes to-day

"Night Must Fall," at the Duchess

"Gay Deceivers," at th

Claire Luce (left), as the daughter of the manager of a pla the owner of the plantation (Charlotte Greenwood). Una younger woman tells the owner of the plantation exactly wha incidentally, an "old horse." It was really lucky that the

Houston Rogers

"The Dominant Sex," at the Aldwych

Above, left: Angela Baddeley and Emlyn Williams in "Night Must Fall," a thriller far removed from hackneyed lines. In it the interest does not hang — surely the correct word — on the murderer's identity but his psychology

Left: Diana Churchill and Richard Bird as the young, quarrelsome husband and wife in that obstinate success, "The Dominant Sex," which has just reached its 200th performance

Right:

"All Rights Reserved," at the Criterion

A scene from that light-hearted comedy, "All Rights Reserved," at the Criterion, showing Phyllis Manton (Nora Swinburne) being made love to by Hector Saltmarsh (Ronald Squire), an author, who is scheming to get her to stop in his house during the absence of Mrs. Saltmarsh, a situation complicated by the unexpected arrival of Saltmarsh, Junior, from Harrow

Very Busy in Theatreland

New West End Shows and Two Old Favourites

Houston Rogers

Gaiety

ation in the West Indies, is visited by are of the identity of the visitor, the she thinks of that lady, and calling her, owner was enabled to enjoy the joke!

"Grief Goes Over," at Wyndham's

Mary Jones and Geoffrey Nares in a scene from "Grief Goes Over," a play by the author of "The Wind and the Rain," which is likely to rival that "obstinate success" in popularity

Dorothy Wilding

Right:

"Accidentally Yours," at the Shaftesbury

George Robey, Aletha Orr, and Neva Carr-Glyn in the new farce, "Accidentally Yours," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Though not exactly Shakespeare, this play is "legit.", for it is a straight play, and Delysia is starring in it with Robey

Miss Caroline Fry

From the Lawrence portrait in the National Gallery

Margaret Rawlings—by John Everard, after Lawrence

Old Masters of 1935

"Look Here, Upon This Picture, And On This"

MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS, who, previous to playing a daughter of joy in *Roulette*, at the Duke of York's, was depicting one of the same type in *The Greeks had a Word for It*, here shows her versatility by not looking in the least like one, when sitting in the character of Miss Caroline Fry, as painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose picture of the lady hangs in the National Gallery

A Racing Reverie

It Was Epsom, Now It 's Ascot

By "Regular"

Whitsun at Hurst Park

Mr. and Mrs. Corlette Glorney spent Whit Monday at Hurst Park. They were more cheerful than the camera reports, her horse, Winandermere, having won at Kempton on the Saturday — and a popular win it was

THIS week we go to Ascot, and what a packet of fun—and trouble, too, for that matter—the very word conjures up in our minds! Ascot has been described as being composed of those in the Royal Enclosure and those who "forgot to apply." No one ever admits having been refused a voucher.

THERE are, of course, the Guilty Parties, who have a lovely party on their own in the champagne-bar. You can break almost all the Commandments and still go into the Royal Enclosure, but you have to observe the Seventh, or else, coupled with the Eleventh, it means your name on the gate, if not for life, at any rate for a very long time.

DON'T think I 'm running down the Royal Enclosure. Any institution which can induce thousands of people to go racing who don't know with which end the horse kicks is deserving of our most sincere admiration. By commercialising the snobbery of the leisured classes, Ascot put over a magnificent stroke of business. I can't think why "Ally Pally" and Northolt don't follow suit.

FOR those of you who aren't interested in the racing, by far the best fun to be had is from watching the married couples spending the day together. I trust I do not sound unduly sadistic, but the look of torture on their poor, tired faces sends me into a paroxysm of joy. You can go anywhere else with somebody else's wife, but you must go to Ascot with your own, and the spectacle of husbands passing girl-friends with barely the lift of an eyelid, much less a hat, and wives passing boy-friends as if they had never seen them before is just too good to miss. And some people say bull-fights are cruel!

I LOVE Ascot. I always eat too much, drink too much, and bet too much, but as they are almost the three things I like doing best in the world, no wonder I 'm happy.

I COULD only deal with about a quarter of the topics I wanted to discuss last week, so I will carry on from where I left off, which was immediately on my return from Epsom after witnessing Bahram's triumph in the Derby. That night the Aga Khan gave a lovely party at the Embassy, at which I thought the three best-looking women were the Begum, Lady Mary Lygon, and Mrs. Smith-Bingham. The Aga is the grandest host as he has the knack of making the humblest of his guests feel as if they were making the party and that it would have been hell if they hadn't turned up. Prince Aly has the same gift.

To us little country mice London seems a very gay place these days, and it 's as much as one can do to drag oneself away from Frisco's, the Four Hundred, or any one of half-a-dozen other places where the well-bred beat it up, in time for the first race.

EPSOM was a mass of hang-overs on Coronation Cup Day, but they did not extend to Windsor Lad, who obviously had gone to bed earlier than his trainer, and galloped the mile and a half faster than it has ever been galloped before. It was, I think, the finest performance I have ever seen on Epsom Downs, as he was opposed to another nailing good horse in Easton, whom his trainer, Fred Darling, had thought well-nigh unbeatable, and Windsor Lad was, furthermore, at a disadvantage in having to make virtually all his own running, as, after a very little while, the pacemakers couldn't go fast enough. Hearty congratulations to Marcus Marsh, who has trained him to perfection, to Smirke, who rode such a brainy race, and to Mr. Benson; but oh, how I wish he 'd left him in the Gold Cup! Brantome or no Brantome, I fully believe he 'd have won.

ON the previous evening Marcus Marsh dined with his uncle, Fred Darling, which caused us humorists to send them a note to the effect that we didn't mind if they cut it up so long as they told us which. I am unable to publish their reply.

POOR Johnstone, on the hot favourite, Mesa, in the Oaks, got into the sort of situation which the late Mr. Houdini used to revel in, the only difference being that, whereas Mr. Houdini used to extricate himself before you could look round, it took Johnstone until the race was practically over before he again saw the daylight.

A NUMBER of people said very unkind things about Johnstone's riding, but he got himself into no worse mess than our own Charlie Smirke did in last year's Eclipse Stakes, and, furthermore, this year's Oaks was a horrible race in every way. Bobby Jones described it to me very accurately when he said: "The fillies were so bad they simply couldn't get out of one another's way."

ALTHOUGH I lost money on the race, I was nevertheless delighted at the result.

Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Gunnis

Mrs. Nigel Gunnis wore a pale grey suit with a jade-green jumper for the Hurst Park meeting, which she went to with her husband. Her father was the late Archibald Morrison, of Basildon Park

In the first place it was some compensation for "Coll" Leader and all at Stanley House for their cruel luck with Bobsleigh; and secondly, we were all delighted for Lord Stanley. Possessing all the charm of his great father, Lord Stanley is deservedly popular.

I WAS also overjoyed to see my old friend, Jelliss, once again on the back of a classic winner, and what a magnificent race he rode! No better fellow than "Jelly" ever held a jockey's licence. As straight as a die, it would be impossible to imagine him doing a dirty trick. All the other jockeys were delighted at his success.

FOR some unaccountable reason Jelliss does not get anything like the riding he deserves these days. Perhaps after watching the Oaks, however, owners and trainers will realise their mistake.

AFTER the Oaks, we went to Kempton, where the Glorneys, whose luck recently had been dead out, won the big race, the New Stand Plate, with their charming filly, Winandermere, superbly ridden by "Steve," whose luck also had been dead out.

THE next race was also won by "Steve," this time the winner being His Grace, a really lovely own brother to the illustrious Blenheim, belonging to Lord Carnarvon. "Porchy" very kindly told me that I must back his colt, so, for once, I backed a winner. Like all true sons of Blandford, His Grace is a lazy sort, but when "Steve" stirred him up he answered to some purpose, and if all goes well with him we shall be considering him for the classics.

IN the last race Tiberius put up a great show, and if Brantome doesn't run he looks a certainty for the Gold Cup. If he does run, Britain will have a worthy representative.

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Lady Warwick

A Derby-night sketch of Lady Warwick, wearing shaded green velvet, which was excellent with her vivid colouring. She was in the Aga Khan's party at the Embassy

Below:

Lady Castlerosse

Wearing white printed satin and a taffeta cape plus coul; she was also in the Milton-More O'Ferrall party at the Embassy

Lady Plunket

Went to the Embassy on Derby night with Lord and Lady Milton and the three More O'Ferrall brothers. Wore black lace, with two large diamond clips at the neck

Joyce Leigh

Wore white tulle, with a blue sash, for the dance her mother gave at the Carlton for her and her step-sister, Joan

Right:

Grace Moore

Sketched at the party Francis Toye gave for her after her Covent Garden début. She was in a black dress printed with bright flowers, and tulle round her shoulders

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A New Contraption for a Wet Summer

Kathleen Stammers and F. H. D. Wilde watching the absorbent roller at work at the Harpenden Tournament when rain held up play. The roller is covered with a sponge, which soaks up the water and collects it in a bin behind

Doctors on Court

E. F. Buzzard, the old Oxford Blue, and elder son of Sir Farquhar Buzzard, now qualified as a house surgeon at St. Thomas's, and P. D. B. Spence, who is now practising in Richmond, Surrey

Lawn Tennis Letter

On "Playing Through"

By "Passer-By"

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I ONCE had a dream that Wimbledon was won by a man who had laboured long and successfully at perfecting an underhand service that broke back into the net, rendering the return impossible. The idea is not as fantastic as it may appear. Of course, this iconoclastic fellow would require to affect one break in his opponent's service game in each set to win the match, but I imagine that if he were a player of average first-class ability this fracture might be achieved, especially as his opponent would not be in the happiest frame of mind at the automatic loss of every other game.

It may be that lawn tennis galleries will require some such diversion as a trick server if they are not to be bored by the up-and-down the court game, minus intrepid volleying such as Borotra used to provide, that certain players have recently developed—a game that is not joyful to watch, and, I imagine, cannot be very joyful to pursue.

AT the recent French Championship, in the last major event, with nearly all the cracks competing, there were more defensive rallies—dull, tentative driving, that is—than the oldest habitué could remember. Roderich Menzel, the Czechoslovakian giant, certainly thrilled the crowd, for he had imagination, as well as vigour, but when he had gone, the play was terribly solemn and uninspiring. It is true that Perry, Crawford, Von Cramm, and Austin, the four semi-finalists, all played some beautiful shots, but they all made a great number of purely perfunctory strokes—strokes that lacked ginger and guile. Perhaps they were conscious—as even Tilden used to be at Auteuil—that a sand court on a hot day does not give the stimulus either to foot-work or ball-work of a turf court. "Dress does make a difference, Davey." Wimbledon garbed in green turf is quite different from Paris in brown sand. It is *lawn* tennis—the real thing.

THE Wimbledon, which will open in a few days, is the fifty-fifth of its line. It will be the fourteenth on the new ground. The change of venue provoked many changes, one of which was the abolition of the challenge round. The direct result of that reform was the much wider distribution of the title, for, since 1921, when Tilden "repeated" in the last meeting at the Old Wimbledon, the singles title has never been won by the same player for two successive years.

Formerly there were several sequence reigns—W. Renshaw, for six years; H. L. Doherty for five, R. F. Doherty and Wilding, each for four. There is little doubt that, great though all these champions were, they were favoured by "standing out" until the last day. They were immune from continuous strain and the risk of accident. Their prerogative was too exclusive for modern competition. Now F. J. Perry has a chance to establish a record—to become the first champion on the new ground to escape defeat in defence of his title.

If no "playing through" champion has ever been successful—and Borotra, Cochet, Wood, Vines, and Crawford have all gone down in the year following their coronation—the story in the ladies' championship has been very different. Mlle. Lenglen, as holder, played through in 1922 and 1923, and won; Mrs. Moody did the same thing from 1928 to 1930, and again in 1933. The record of these two champions, in relation to that of the men, is an eloquent tribute to their superior class. It means that neither had a real rival in the field; the defending male champion had many.

The trend of the ladies' championship has, in fact, not been affected materially by the abolition of the challenge round. There have only been fifteen different holders in forty-seven years. Between them, Mrs. Hillyard, Miss Dod, Mrs. Sterry, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Mlle. Lenglen, and Mrs. Moody have triumphed at Wimbledon on thirty-five occasions—reigns which show an average sovereignty of nearly six years.

Mrs. Moody is returning to the field this year. If she recovers the title, she will equal the record "bag" of Mrs. Lambert Chambers, which is seven, but her feat will be a finer one, since the American will have "played through" on every occasion; whereas the English champion only "played through" four times, on three occasions standing out. Mrs. Chambers, holding the title, was beaten twice by Miss Sutton, and once by Mlle. Lenglen. Mrs. Moody, as holder, has never been beaten, although she had a rather narrow escape at the hands of Miss Round in 1933.

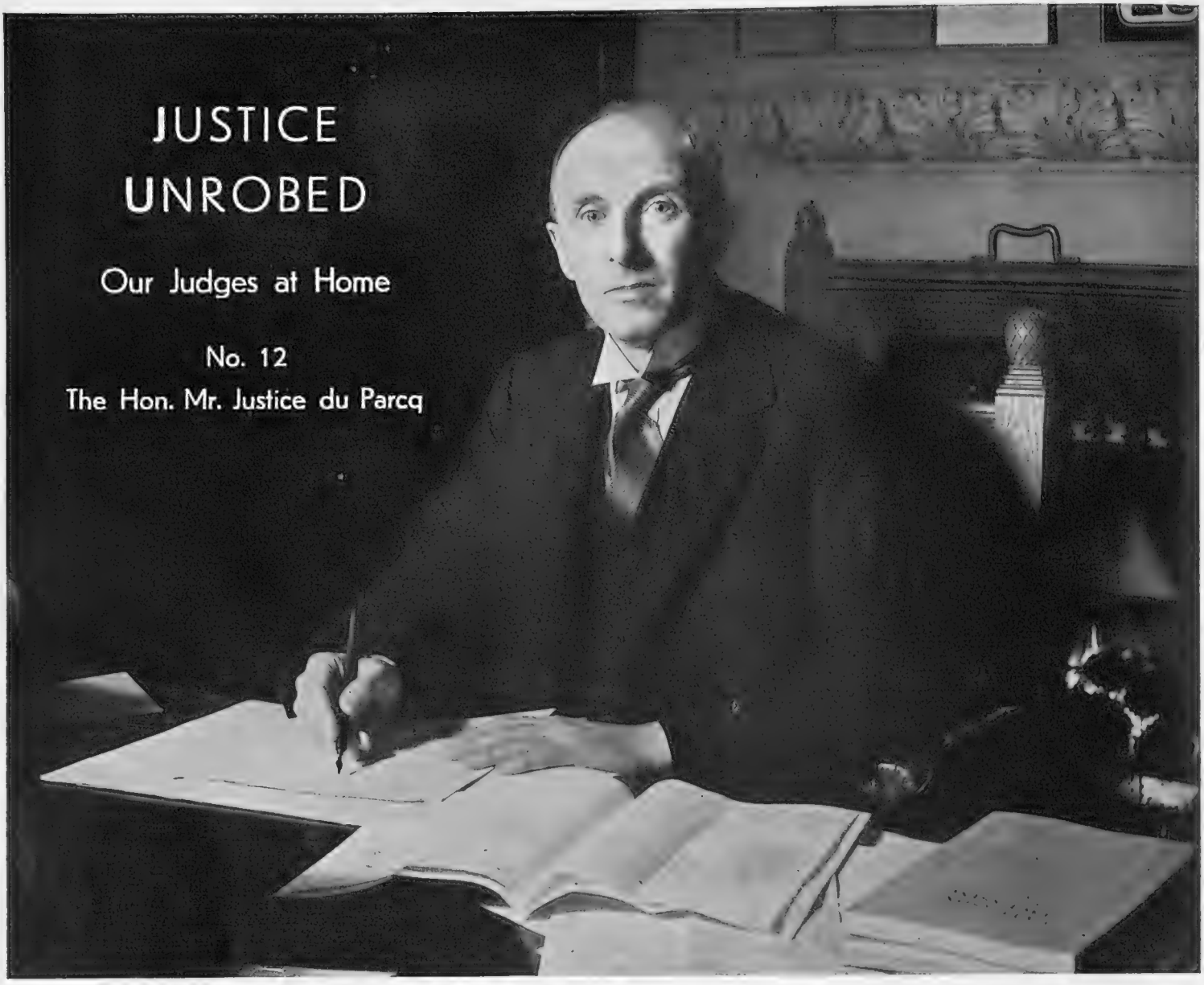
THIS "playing through" business under modern conditions, as we have seen in the men's realm, is stern and perilous. "Suzanne" only did it twice in succession. She attempted the same feat again, and failed to finish the course. Looking back on her ordeal one is not surprised. In these days of bally-hoo, innuendo, and rampant international rivalry, the sensitive artist may well feel at times as if she would like to walk out of the Royal Academy.

JUSTICE UNROBED

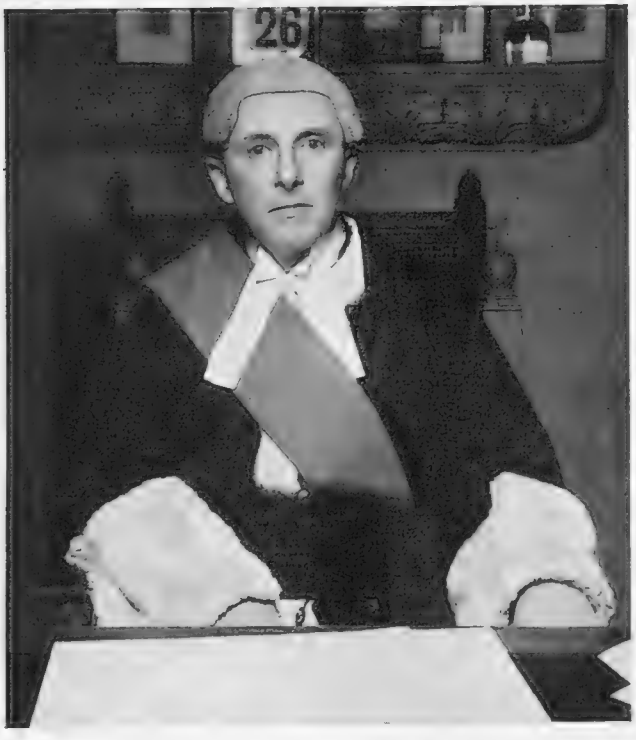
Our Judges at Home

No. 12

The Hon. Mr. Justice du Parcq



At Work at Home



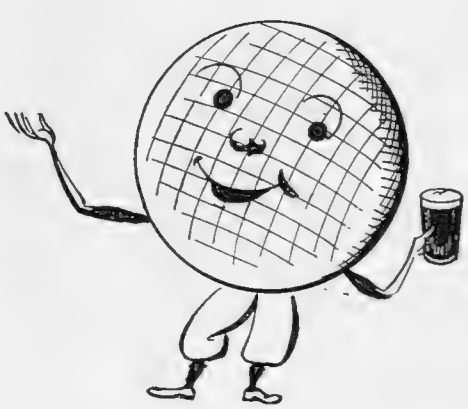
Robed for the Bench

MR. JUSTICE DU PARCQ is pure Norman-French, for he is a Jerseyman of unmixed descent. A timely scholarship to Exeter College, Oxford, brought him to the larger island. His contemporaries visualised him as a great statesman, for he was President of the Union and an ardent Liberal. Even after call to the Bar, and the attainment of a substantial practice, he kept an eye on Parliament, and wrote a laudatory biography of Lloyd George ; but, before he was ready for a seat in the House, the Liberal Party slumped, so Hubert du Parcq decided to stick to Law. Lord Sankey always thought highly of him, sent him out as Commissioner of Assize, and afterwards down to Dartmoor to enquire into the prison riots. Whether by his soothing, gentle voice, or his sympathetic manner, or both, he soon had the toughest crooks in Dartmoor eating out of his hand, and confiding to him their guilt and their grievances. The net result to Mr. du Parcq was promotion to the High Court bench over the heads of many men with higher claims ; but the Lord Chancellor was not very far wrong, after all.

Next Week : Sir Stafford Crossman

"It needs a heid to play gowf!"

said "Andra" Kircaldy



Here is the head – and body too –
That helps a man to follow through

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOUR GOLF

G.E.489.

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Editorial Reminiscences

By A. G. Macdonell

IT is very seldom that a true-blue, hard-boiled reviewer, born and bred in the trade—a tough baby, in fact—reads a book that makes him want to go and shoot himself. But if ever a book was liable to induce insanity, melancholia, tendencies towards suicide, inflammation of the eyes, and general Dostoievsky-complex, it is *A War Without a Hero* (Secker; 7s. 6d.), by Miss G. E. Trevelyan. Consider the plot for yourselves. Just run your eye over it and let me know by post-card, duly stamped, whether you think it is a reasonably likely one. An artistically-minded lady wants to be divorced from her husband. During the six-months time-lag she decides to go to a remote Channel Island, and there she lodges with a fearful family of illiterate yokels. One of them, David, a lad of twenty, is blind, and the artistic lady decides to marry him. This she does. Her life is then devoted to looking after this fiendishly dull, semi-witted youth and to washing up dishes and scrubbing floors in mid-Channel. I ask you. The real trouble about the book is that the moment the arty lady decides to marry the blind youth, all interest vanishes. You simply cannot believe that such a thing is possible, and the moment you find yourself doubting the possibility of a plot you find yourself either bored to tears, as with Miss Trevelyan, or excited beyond words, as with the late Mr. Edgar Wallace. And another thing, as Mr. Robey used to say in days gone by, Miss Trevelyan has developed to a high and irritating degree the "stream of consciousness." In other words, you are never quite sure whether the characters are talking or thinking, and it is all very confusing.

R. D. Blumenfeld — *Howard Coster*

The well-known Editor and Journalist, who for a long time controlled the destinies of the "Daily Express," has published his reminiscences, reviewed on this page, under the title of "R.D.B.'s Procession"

BY an interesting coincidence, the same week sees the publication of the Reminiscences of two editors of the same newspaper. And the two men are of very different types. Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, whose *R. D. B.'s Procession* comes from the house of Ivor Nicholson and Watson (10s. 6d.), was a famous editor of the *Daily Express*. His book is redolent of his character. Suave, amiable, elastic, he made friends everywhere. He went everywhere, he knew everyone, and, being a born journalist, he can tell his own story. But, like almost all journalists, he falls into the capital error of talking about Napoleon without knowing the smallest thing about Napoleon. It is astonishing what an influence the great Emperor has upon Fleet Street. Magnates, editors, news-editors, all are dazzled by the word "napoleonic." And yet none of them seem to have the foggiest notion of the essentials of the man's greatness. Mr. Blumenfeld is just as uncertain about it all as Northcliffe was.

MR. BEVERLEY BAXTER was a different sort of editor, and he describes the difference with a sort of flashy brilliance in *Strange Street* (Hutchinson; 18s.). I say "brilliance" because Mr. Baxter definitely had that quality as editor of a penny newspaper; I say "flashy" because Mr. Baxter incessantly radiates flashes. He may have enemies, detractors, enviers, I do not know. But his worst and deadliest opponent could not deny his brilliance and his flashes. A Canadian working for a Canadian, a stranger in Fleet Street working for a stranger, he was the ideal junior partner in the firm of Max and Bax, and it certainly was not his fault that the firm appeared to specialise, from time to time, in knockabout turns. The Pedlar of Dreams has occasionally turned out to be a Pedlar of Flying Trapezes, but in every case Mr. Baxter has proved that he himself is the Daring Young Man. His stories of clashes with the Great, of walking out on jobs, of saying the wrong thing and getting away with it, prove his courage over and over again. I once worked for him, for a very short time, and I formed an estimate of him then that is handsomely confirmed by his own book: that he walked into a world of stunt-merchants and beat them all at their own game, and that he did it with his tongue in his cheek.

MESSRS. MARTIN SECKER have started a new cheap edition. The volumes only cost half a crown, are nicely printed and bound, and are well selected. A half-dollar book is a grand step in the right direction and ought to encourage that dreadfully timid section of the community—the Book-Buyers. Poor souls, they have been sadly scared since the war by a deluge of miserable rubbish at seven-and-six a time. But a half-dollar book ought to put a little life into them, especially when one of Mr. Secker's first volumes is a reprint of Mr. Ivor Brown's *Years of Plenty*. The time is bound to come, and heaven knows it is long overdue, when the populace will spring to arms with a loud roar and acclaim Mr. Brown as one of the master-wits of the age. And here you can get one of his books for a paltry two bob and a crack.

MISS JANET MITCHELL has delved into a new line of country and has placed her characters in *Tempest in Paradise* (Bles; 7s. 6d.) in the puppet-State of Manchukuo. It is an excellent book of adventure, with plenty of bandits, shootings, lootings, and general excitement. Oddly enough, the best part of it is not in the main intention. What I mean is that Miss Mitchell obviously wants to entertain, and she succeeds. But her strongest card, played almost casually, is her really fascinating display of local colour. The atmosphere of desperate uncertainty, of hour-to-hour blackguardry, of thuggery, of the sighing sadness of the White Russian émigrés, of Japanese aggression, of *Sovietski* shadows across the border—all is conveyed with a careless sincerity that almost seems to be unintentional. But perhaps it is art concealing art, the old story over again. Anyway, I hope Miss Mitchell will continue to extract good stuff from her private, Manchukuan, lode.

"A FEW FOOLISH ONES" is a book about the State of Maine, written by Mrs. Gladys Carroll and published by Macmillan at 8s. 6d. It is one of those slow, rather attractive, rather somniferous novels about life in America thirty or forty years ago. It meanders on and on, quietly, unostentatiously, always interestingly. But it is in the minor key. And the minor key is, I am afraid, of small use to me. I like Wagner and Sousa and thirty brass bands at the Crystal Palace, and such-like vulgarities. But Mrs. Carroll has written a sincere book, and that is good praise.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Peter Clark

There is something original and distinctive about this ensemble, which may be seen at Jaeger House, Regent Street. The frock is in white georgette sprayed with black pin spots. Pleats are cleverly introduced in the corsage and short sleeves, while a black suède belt with a large mother-of-pearl buckle encircles the waist. The three-tiered cape and amusing cap with faun's ears are carried out in black taffeta, also the gauntlet gloves. Another equally smart outfit here to be seen consists of a loose three-quarter-length coat in white slipper satin over a simple black frock in matt crêpe. The importance of accessories is fully appreciated in the bag shop on the ground floor, where belts, bags, and buttonholes are made to harmonise

Fashions For Sea and Country

What clothes to take for a holiday is a question which presents itself to many people at this time of year. Jumpers are a great stand-by, as they can be worn either over shorts, trousers, or a skirt. The one pictured above is made of cotton with red and blue stripes on a white ground. It has a high, round neck, short sleeves, and a band of fine ribbing round the waist. From Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly, it costs 22s. 6d. There are, of course, many others, including some in hand-knitted silk thread, with elaborate openwork stitches

Peter Clark

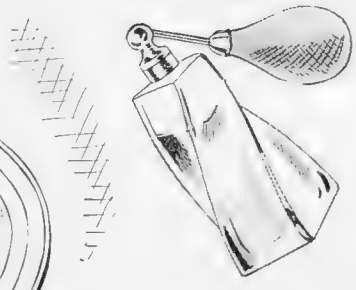
On the right is a green wool jumper which may also be seen at Fortnum and Mason. It has wide fancy ribbing, buttons down the front, and a turn-down collar which ties in a bow. This firm are showing a large and varied collection of sports clothes, including bathing and beach frocks, tennis frocks, and graceful evening frocks in printed shantung and linen for cruising. Play suits in print and spotted silks are worn with linen dresses, while pyjama suits for the beach have a Chinese appearance, with trousers reaching halfway down the leg, and coolie hats

Discovered by Peta.

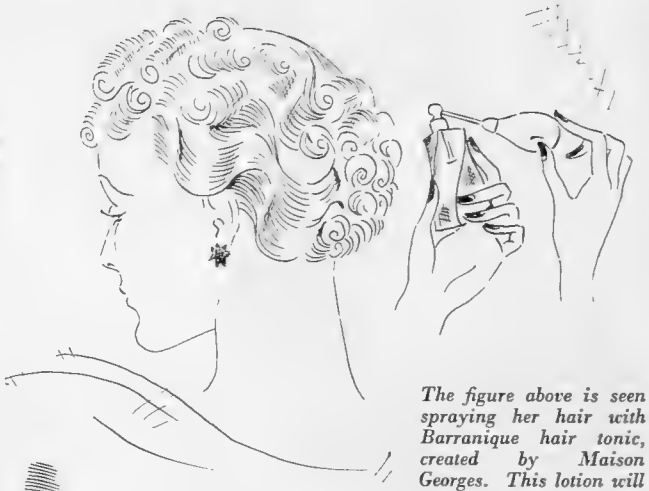
Pictured by Pam.

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of Novelties

This new variation of the flap-jack is made in silk with petit point embroidery on the front and separate compartments for comb and powder-puff. In various colour combinations, it costs 12s. 9d. from Jay's, Regent Street



This atomizer from Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, is ideal for spraying the hair with Barranique. A little every day keeps the hair soft and supple, and the cost is 7s. 6d.



The figure above is seen spraying her hair with Barranique hair tonic, created by Maison Georges. This lotion will nourish the roots and prevent greyness. It is colourless, unscented, and costs 3s. 6d. a bottle

This spotted crêpe de Chine frock may be seen at Jay's. It is accompanied by gauntlet gloves of the same material, edged with pleating. This idea is repeated in the cape coat, while the collar is white piqué

Fashions in beach sandals at Harrods, are decidedly original. They may be in cellophane like those pictured, which are crochetted, and have crêpe rubber soles, or in multi-coloured raffia and canvas

Many of the new swim-suits are made from a material which suggests shirred rubber. The one pictured may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge, and costs 2 guineas. It has a skirt and halter neck, which ties with cord

Golf Clubs at Home

Morecambe

A View of the Club-House

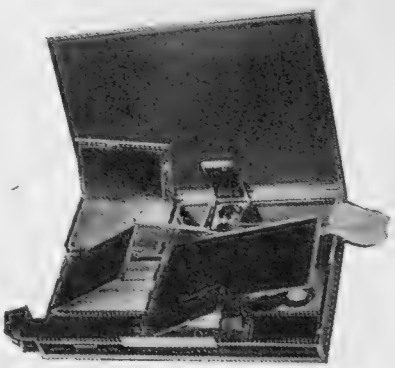
1. S. R. Clarkson (captain), W. Birtle (chairman, Green Committee). 2. T. E. Barow (ex-captain), E. Whiteley (secretary), G. N. Armstrong (director). 3. H. S. Hindson and A. Buchan. 4. A. L. Hirst (handicap committeman), A. Atkinson (indoor games committeman). 5. J. H. Broadbent and W. Northrop (handicap committeeman). 6. R. B. Waddington and J. F. Sykes (green committeeman). 7. G. F. Kershaw and J. Bunker. 8. J. K. Cooper and E. A. Hallas. 9. F. V. Coxhill and J. Thomas

DISCARD YOUR MEDIEVAL EVENING BAG FOR A MODERN MINAUDIÈRE

("meen-ode-yair")

Have you ever realised that that mis-shapen, impractical mixture of rouge, lipstick, cigarettes, powder, keys, which you call an evening bag, is really little else than a relic from the Middle Ages?—a transformation of the alms-purse (see engraving above) which the Medieval ladies wore, attached to their girdles, like so many plum puddings.

Although it has taken centuries to produce the sane, orderly, extraordinarily handsome Minaudière, the day of frantic fumbling for that precious invitation is definitely past. You can find what you want *instantly* in a Minaudière. Small in dimension, large in capacity, the Minaudière (pronounced "meen-ode-yair"), made in gold, lacquer and gold, or styptor, and mounted with precious stones, contains everything you need: powder and rouge, mirror and comb, lipstick and eyelash shadow, cigarette case and lighter, *cachette* for saccharine . . . to say nothing of ample room for keys, change, cards, etc. No wonder smart women carry it from 5 p.m. to 5 a.m. It's everywhere—the Minaudière.



You may see other jewelled cases, divided into compartments, imitating the patented creation of Van Cleef & Arpels, but none of them can offer its sum total of advantages. See the genuine article and then you can easily judge for yourself that no imitation even approaches it.

Van Cleef & Arpels, 22, Place Vendome, Paris (Telephone: Opera 16-47); also at Le Touquet, Cannes and Deauville. Asprey, 166, New Bond Street, London.

"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes *(Continued from page 508)*

Miss Blyth and Miss E. Robertson Durham, who had won the afternoon before by 9 and 7. It did not sound hopeful, but Mrs. Greenlees, too weak to press, played marvellously well, and putted what is commonly called "divinely"; Miss Rabbidge was a rock of strength, and the pair won by no less than 6 and 4. They followed it up after lunch by having to give eleven strokes all over again, this time to Mrs. Garrett and Mrs. Green—the latter a promising golfer—and to come through by 4 and 3 was another substantial triumph. The Anderson sisters won rather a scrambling morning fight against Mrs. George Coats and Mrs. Rome, and a runaway one in the afternoon, by 7 and 6, from Mrs. Mackenzie and Miss Cairns, who have not yet had any experience of open competition golf. As Mrs. Mackenzie, later in the week, was winning the handicap prize in the Scottish Quaich meeting, there was evidently education in the experience. Miss Nancy Halsted and Miss Hill had a brilliant patch against Mrs. Christie and her sister, Miss Paterson; Miss Benton and Miss Nimmo were too steady round the green for a pair of whom great things had been hoped, Mrs. Cruickshank and Miss Chambers; but, in turn, went out to Mrs. Harley and Miss Crawford. Opinion on that day began to fancy a 27-handicap pair, Miss Martin Smith and Miss Steele, the long-handicap latter having struck form so inspired and inspiring that there was no need for Miss Martin Smith to feel that she was a good player carrying an inexperienced one. With a little more freedom of swing and conventionality of stance, Miss Steele might go far; at all events, they came through the day with flying colours, particularly when they beat Mrs. M. L. Clarke and Mrs. Hudson, who only gave them four, by 4 and 3. To start the round with three birdies is good enough for anyone, let alone a couple with 27 joint handicap!

Critics were also looking very favourably on Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Anderson, who had performed one of the doughtier deeds in beating Miss Isabella Rieben and Mrs. Wilson, a chance pairing which up till then had looked mighty effective, since Mrs. Wilson had only to be put on to the green to sink the putt. Against Mrs. Burton, who played extremely well, particularly up to the hole, that putting broke down, and that was why Mrs. Burton's side was able to get home by 5 and 4. Miss Robertson Durham and Miss Millar were going strong too, Miss Newell and Miss Hartopp stronger still.

The next morning saw those last two couples locked in death-grips with each other. The English pair first up, then down; one down and three to go; the match saved by Miss Newell's clever chip dead at the 16th; squared by her long putt at the 17th; and won by another stone dead at the 18th.

That put them into the semi-final to meet Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Rabbidge, who had arrived there in spite of giving five strokes to Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Anderson, a very stout performance, for which chief credit belonged to Miss Rabbidge, whose putting was splendid, whatever rude friends may say about the face of her putter.

In the top half, Miss Martin Smith and Miss Steele, receiving one stroke, had a 5 and 3 win from Mrs. Harley and Miss Crawford, again producing some astonishing figures which quite belied Miss Steele's handicap. The Anderson sisters got a good start against Miss Halsted and Miss Hill, and though they nearly lost it all, hung on to enough for a 3 and 1 win.

After lunch, they were altogether too steady for Miss Martin Smith's side, who plunged into the whins (for pity's sake, don't perpetrate the Englishism of calling them mere gorse!) too often for comfort. The whins may be beautiful, especially when the sun shines, but as a route to the hole there are better to be found. The Andersons got home by 5 and 3.

It was a hole later that Miss Newell and Miss Hartopp won from Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Rabbidge, and none can say that they did not deserve it. By the losers there were some little putts astray, there were burns visited; the all-English pair did none of these things, and with two strokes to receive into the bargain, only one end was possible.

Nor did any other result seem really likely in the final, once it was thoroughly under way. Miss Jessie's little putts were sad to see, nor was she altogether blameless about whins and suchlike. Miss Isa, lengthened though she has, had not the strength to fight the battle under such circumstances, and when one last flicker of a rally died out in the whins at the 12th, it was obvious that Miss Newell and Miss Hartopp must reap the due reward of virtue. They did it by 4 and 3.

After that, prize-giving by Miss Benton on the very heart of the 18th green—could hospitality from the Moray G.C. go further than to allow the legs of tables weighed down with your massive Scottish Cups, and of a chair weighed down with your golf Editor to desecrate that beautiful stretch of turf below the club-house? I doubt it. I only know that we are extraordinarily grateful to the Club, and I insist on everybody realising that this is *not* typical Lossiemouth weather. It is to be hoped that it will recover its good character during the Scottish Championship.

Of that, next week. Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Low Golf Scores

Whitsuntide at Le Touquet

Left: the Hon. Denzil Fortescue, Lady Penrhyn and Mrs. Johnson, three Whitsun visitors at Le Touquet

Below: Mr. James Grinling and Lady Markham having a rest between rounds

Major Clive Burns and Count Paul Munster, who also found Le Touquet attractive at Whitsuntide

THOSE who have lately read the golfing news cannot have failed to notice the very large number of low scores (you might even say ridiculously low scores) that have been returned in big tournaments, both professional and amateur.

In the Leeds Professional Tournament, promoted by the *Yorkshire Evening News*, at Sandmoor, players had to return a score of 146—an average of two over fours—to be certain of qualifying in the thirty-two places for the match-play stages. The ten golfers who returned 147 had to play off for two places. On the second day of the qualifying play there were no fewer than nine returns under seventy, and the leader, W. J. Cox, who is assistant to Fred Robson at Addington, returned scores of 68 and 67, while R. Burton, of Hooton, returned a second round of 65.

Cecil Denny, the professional of the Thorpe Hall G.C., returned a freak score of 63 when playing in the professional invitation tournament on the course of the Torquay and South Devon G.C.; his card consisted of one five, eight fours, eight threes and one two, a truly astounding performance.

In amateur golf, R. Sweeny, when playing in the Golfers' Club Challenge Bowl, holed the new course at Sunningdale in 68 in unfavourable weather conditions, with a strong breeze blowing, and beat the existing record by one stroke; and P. W. L. Risdon, in the qualifying rounds of the Surrey Amateur Championship, returned 69 on the old course of the same Club, from the back tees, which are considerably further back than those used for the medal competitions, and only used on big occasions. I can remember what a sensation J. D. Edgar caused in 1914 by winning the French Open Championship with a score of 288; an average of fours in an open championship was then considered a stupendous performance, and many golfers were saying that it would never be beaten, and yet, since the war, on three occasions winners of the Open Championship have returned cards better than an average of fours. R. T. Jones, at St. Andrews in 1927, returned 288; in 1932, Gene Sarazen returned 283 at Prince's, Sandwich; and the same figure was returned by T. H. Cotton when he won his Open Championship at Royal St. George's last year.

GENE SARAZEN is reputed to have given nine reasons why the scoring is lower to-day than it used to be. Sarazen has made some rather extraordinary statements concerning the game of golf, some of which I do not think he intended to be taken seriously; you can, no doubt, recall one example: namely, when he suggested that the hole should be considerably larger.

Sarazen's first reason is: "There are not so many freak grips. Most of the better players are patterning their grips after the styles, proved to be the best, of Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Tommy Armour, and other masters."

There are, and there always will be, a great variety of methods of gripping the club; each individual should by experiment endeavour to discover the grip that suits him or her best; the size of the hands makes a very considerable difference; a grip suitable and comfortable for a player with large hands, may be impossible for a player with small hands. R. T. Jones uses what is known as the Vardon grip, while Sarazen himself favours the interlocking grip, and John Ball used a very unusual grip: he placed the thumb of the right hand between the first and second fingers; this certainly prevents players getting too much right hand into their shots. Another reason of Sarazen is that the handles of golf clubs are now given more consideration by the makers, but I do not lay very much stress on this point.

ANOTHER reason Sarazen gives is that the clubs themselves are better, and that more are carried. I cannot agree here, as I consider that the art of club-making is being lost, and that, except for those who are such good players that they can play a good shot with a club which they have not required for several weeks, better results can be obtained with fewer clubs than are carried by the majority of present-day golfers.

Now we come to a reason that really does hit the nail on the head: it is that the courses are better kept and easier to play. I presume that Sarazen means that the courses are easier to play because they are better kept, as there is no doubt that modern courses have been designed to tighten up both the tee-shots and the approach-shots. I do not think that there is any question that the perfection to which the playing conditions of courses have been brought, is chiefly responsible for the many low scores, which we now see returned. However easy or short a course may be, a low score cannot be returned unless the putting greens are in good order; the condition of what we call the fairways is not important to the first-class players, but it does make a very considerable difference to the long-handicap golfers.

SARAZEN'S last reason is that there is no longer a "Jones complex," and this is another reason with which I heartily agree.

Our own professionals play better when there are no Americans in the field, and even in club competitions, if the star player is absent, those with a chance of winning the scratch medal very often return better scores than they would have if the good player had been competing.

I most emphatically do not think that the players of to-day are better golfers than their predecessors; the reason they return lower scores is that the courses and, more especially, the putting greens are now so perfect that play is comparatively easy. Perhaps the chief reason of all is the modern golf ball, which goes 200 yards when hit smartly on the top and, in favourable conditions, any distance up to 400 yards when hit in the middle. The present-day ball is also responsible to a very large extent for the worse player beating the better far more often than he should.

A general view of the links of the Moray Golf Club, Lossiemouth, showing a competitor driving from the first tee

Miss Harvey, Miss Rieben, and Miss Doris Chambers watching the play

"The Rhythm of the Rain"

But It Didn't Stop the "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (12th Year) at Moray

Left: Miss S. Millar, Mrs. J. Munro, and Mrs. J. R. McAvoy

Right: Miss J. Hill, Mrs. George Inglis, Mrs. S. Mitchell, and Miss N. E. Halstead seen at the first tee

Left: Miss Kay Clark Miss Galbrath, Mrs. Greenlees, Miss Webster, and Mrs. Scouler Buchanan

Right: Mrs. A. C. J. M. Anderson and Mrs. Burton on their way to the first hole

Sir Stanley Jackson, G.C.S.I., known in the cricket world as "Jacker," who has played for Harrow, Cambridge, Yorkshire, and England, opening the new pavilion at Stowe School

A picture of the new cricket pavilion at Stowe School, Buckingham, opened by Sir Stanley Jackson, showing a crowd of the boys in front

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

"No Play To-day." How often this season, I wonder, has the dismal notice been put up outside our county cricket grounds as a warning and a sign to the faithful that, while they hopefully plan their summer sports, the weather, after all, has the last word!

I have this season shivered on most of our cricket grounds. And, the while, I have watched spin bowlers—despite the fact that their fingers have been numbed!—reaping rich harvests of wickets. Yet, also, I have seen some very promising young players who, if the England Selectors will take their courage in their hands, are ready to be given chances in the Tests against South Africa.

As it is, in the Trent Bridge Test we have seen how the mandarins at Lord's have, for the most part, relied on the old brigade. Indeed, in at least one case they have put in a player whose form this season has been strangely disappointing. I refer, of course, to Walter Hammond, the Gloucestershire all-rounder. On his day, Hammond is a lovely player to watch, whether batting with that graceful nonchalance which stamps him as a master, or whether in the field at slip, or sending down a more than useful ball.

But Hammond, I think, went into the first Test on previous performances and not on current form. And this, I feel, is wrong. With their main job that of finding a team to visit Australia a couple of winters hence, the Selectors must give promising youngsters their chance this summer. For instance, I would wish that Paine and Hollies, the Warwickshire bowlers, could show their paces in at least one Test match. True, they were in our team which toured the West Indies; but on the shirt-front wickets of the Indies they stood precious little chance of doing anything outstanding.

Again, there is Bakewell, a batsman full of rich promise, who seems to bear the burden of the Northamptonshire run-getting. If not Bakewell, then what about Arnold, the Fulham footballer, who spends his summer totting up the runs for Hampshire? Arnold is a real fighter—witness his forthright innings this season at a time when his county are going through a lean period—and, through his football training, is one of the fleetest fieldsmen in the country.

Finally, there is Farrimond. This wicket-keeper is a future England man. The brilliance of little George Duckworth obscured the worth of Farrimond for some time, but now, with the Lancashire 'keeper injured, Farrimond has come into the champions' side to show us just what he can do. He makes precious few mistakes behind the stumps, believe me, and he is pretty nearly unbowlable in front of them! So here, I say, is a man the England Selectors should watch very closely.

And now, from England cricket to our very gallant "enemies," the South Africans. It seems that these tourists have among their players one or two batsmen who are mightily reluctant to leave the crease after a decision has been given against them. There is Dudley Nourse, an attractive bat, mark you, with all the keenness and fighting spirit that characterised the play of his famous father, the long-limbed Dave Nourse. Now, on more than one occasion this season, I have seen Nourse most loath to leave for the pavilion after he has been given "out." There is just that pause, that appealing look around to the umpires, that faint air of martyrdom which shows plainly enough that Nourse feels that in the sight of high Heaven he is not out.

This isn't good enough. Neither was the gesture of Maurice Turnbull, the Glamorgan skipper, good enough, when he recalled Nourse to the crease after an umpire had signalled his dismissal. Turnbull is a likeable fellow, and, no doubt, made a very sporting gesture in shepherding the South African back to the crease. But the Glamorgan captain must remember that the umpires—and not the generous spirit which is his—control the game. Let us have jolly cricket, by all means; but let us see that we

(Continued on page 544)

Lady Priscilla Willoughby

Left: Lady Priscilla Willoughby, who is the first woman in forty years to play in a team of men for the Manchester Polo Club of Ashley, Cheshire

R. E. Mulliken

The eighteen-year-old junior champion of Great Britain, who in the last month has defeated three Overseas Davis Cup players. His dog is named Bonzo

Mrs. S. K. Edwards

Who is perhaps better known in the Lawn Tennis world as Miss Sybil Johnston, the Surrey County Captain. She is seen with her Aberdeen, Mac

Nigel Sharpe

The English Davis Cup player and ex-covered-court champion, who once collected Cochet's scalp. His terrier answers (sometimes) to the name of Bijou

Players and Their Pets

A Lawn Tennis Sextet with Four-footed Friends

Seen below: Eric Peters, the old Oxford Blue, who once beat Tilden on the Riviera. With him is Mrs. Peters and their dachshund, King Solomon, who is a keen tournament fan

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Peters

Mrs. Pittman

Née Elsie Goldsack, the Surrey County player who was Mrs. Moody's opponent in the final at Weybridge. Her terrier, Scram the Joker, owns a champion for father

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 542)*

play the game the right way. And this flouting of the umpires, absolutely irregular, is *not cricket.*

And here, for a moment, I would whisper a word in the ear of those lawn tennis players who gaily hit the ball out of court when a doubtful decision has been given in their favour. It may look good, and may bring a gust of applause from the crowd, but, in truth, it is rank bad manners and an insult to the umpire. I could name several of our star players who do this sort of silly little trick . . . but there, you know them!

Writing of bad manners in sport reminds me that Henry Cotton, our Open golf champion, is now getting a much "squarer deal" at the hands of the crowd. There was a time when Cotton was treated very badly by "galleries." I remember on one occasion seeing him miss a vital putt on the last green in a big-money tournament. And from the crowd went up quite a lot of hand-clapping! In that moment the real worth and splendid spirit of Cotton came to the top. I waited for a storm to break; instead, the man who was to become our champion turned around and quietly remarked: "Very, very funny, I suppose."

Now, however, Cotton is finding the crowd very much with him. At last, it seems, people are beginning to realise that this earnest young man is Britain's main hope to repulse the American challenge in the Open at Muirfield. True, Gene Sarazen is not among the U.S. contingent this time, but I am told by an American friend that the man we must watch is Henry Piccard. Quite young, Piccard has swept from success to success in the circuit of winter tournaments in the States. He has beaten all the recognised leaders of American golf both in stroke and match play. So Muirfield may well be the battle of the two Henrys—though, let me say, my money is going on our Henry Cotton.

I find now that I have little space left to tell you of how things are shaping in big boxing, although, so far as Jack Petersen is concerned, there is little news regarding his forthcoming fight with Walter Neusel. Truth is, of course, the sport crowd have short memories, and Petersen's absence from the ring has meant that he is thrust a little into the background. This contest is of vital importance to Petersen—he must win to have any real chance of re-establishing himself in the eyes of the public. I do know, though, that he is very confident of doing well—and that is half the battle, anyhow.

The Inveresk Golfing Society Meeting at West Herts Golf Club

The Inveresk Golfing Society held a successful meeting at the West Herts Golf Club, when D. Hamlyn won the Binder Cup with a net score of 72. J. S. Bradley was runner-up with 73 net, and R. Hall came third. C. Snelling and A. L. Sharpe were victors in the foursomes competition, and W. M. Wallace was winner of the putting prize. Mr. B. H. Binder, President of the Society, played in both competitions, and presided at the luncheon. The competitors seen in the group on the left are (standing) A. P. Jackson, J. Strachan, T. O. Smith, J. Pretzlik, L. C. S. Lewsey, A. Wallace, R. J. Sutherland, A. L. Sharpe, J. W. Berriman, W. W. J. Studd, J. M. P. Adam, L. J. Clifford, E. Macfarlane, W. Gregory, H. M. Stevenson, and Charles Newell. Seated: W. M. Wallace, Lord Howard, A. Bruce, C. Snelling, B. H. Binder, Sir H. Brittain, J. Rowley, and A. Hepworth. Front: J. S. Bradley, A. Milne, D. Hamlyn, R. Hall, F. Lund, and A. Russell

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Has "Stream-Lining" Failed?

By The Earl of Cardigan

IN the matter of sheer efficiency, the case for present-day stream-lining is a lamentably weak one. I should much like to know of any firm which, through fitting so-called stream-line coachwork, can *prove* that it has gained an honest one per cent. in power or speed. Some gain may be expected; but who can claim to show improved performance on a scale that the ordinary motorist can appreciate?

The fact is that we must differentiate very clearly between stream-lining as it is, and stream-lining as it might be. No one believes more fervently than I in the virtues of genuine, scientific, thorough-going stream-lining. My complaint is against the "half-baked" variety which is applied to the modern motor-car.

Let us turn now to the stream-lined car, not of to-day, but possibly of ten years hence. This will be very different; and I believe that, if it ever materialises, it will have real advantages. In the first place, its form will be largely decided by the designer of the chassis.

I believe that if the chassis designer were asked to produce something which should primarily be of good stream-line form, he would have to start by laying out a car, according to our present notions, "back to front." Only so could he lay the foundations for coach-work of the ideal type.

The guiding principle on which he would have to work would be to provide for the car's greatest bulk being at or near the front. A position just behind the front wheels would probably be chosen as the correct point for giving maximum width and head-room. The chassis frame would have to get narrower and narrower towards the back, instead of, as at present, getting broader and broader.

It would follow that the main passenger seat would be the front one. This would presumably carry three people, including the driver, and we may imagine a foot-well just behind the front axle. The engine would be elsewhere, and there would be no central propeller-shaft—factors which would result in reducing the over-all height.

Over the front axle, the nose of the car would be rounded, and would provide a certain amount of space which could be utilised as a luggage-locker. The spare wheel also might conveniently be carried here.

The back seat would occupy a position roughly in the centre of the chassis, and certainly well forward of the back axle. There would be a reduction of width at this point; so that this seat would presumably carry two passengers only.

There would remain a narrowing space in the region of the back axle to accommodate the engine and the gear-box. Owing to the compactness with which such units can now be built, this would no doubt be sufficient for the purpose. Air-scoops could be used to divert enough air into the tail "bonnet" to cool the concealed radiator.

A Wolseley "Wasp" being used somewhat off the beaten track, for which it is admirably adapted, thanks to the very "fat" tyres and strong, pressed-steel wheels with which the car is fitted. As will be seen, the Wolseley "Wasp" has very attractive lines, within which generous accommodation is provided. The "Wasp" sells at prices ranging from £165, and all types give a lively performance

THIS is, of course, only a rough outline of how such a car would be planned and laid out. The essential point is that when the coachbuilder was called in to design the body lines, he would be able to stream-line the whole thing to his heart's content. There would be no limiting factors: he could achieve a really correct and scientific stream-line form.

The passengers, certainly, would have no excuse for grumbling. They would be far better off than they are at present. They would enjoy better springing, through being well within the wheelbase, and could easily be given a more generous amount of space.

If we may think of something of this sort when we speak of the future of stream-lining, then I personally consider that the future is a bright one. A *genuine* stream-lined motor-car would undoubtedly be more efficient, faster, more economical and comfortable.

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

OPERA AND BALLET

BALLET RUSSE.—Col. de Basil's Company, with the L.P.O. to play for them: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLYNDEBOURNE MOZART FESTIVAL:

DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL: to-day and June 22nd, 5.15; June 24th, 6.45.

DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE: June 20th and 25th, 7.

FIGARO: June 21st, 6.45.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.—Third week of a four-weeks season by the D'Oyley Carte Company: Sadler's Wells, 8. Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

Orchestral

"HIAWATHA."—The Royal Choral Society's production, conducted by Malcolm Sargent: Albert Hall, 8. Sat., 2.30, to June 22nd.

Recitals

ELISABETH RETHBERG.—The famous prima donna gives a song recital: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30.

DOROTHY MANLEY.—Piano recital, with a chamber orchestra and John Barberolli conducting: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.15.

HARRY BERLEY.—Viola recital, with Lionel Tertis: Wigmore Hall, June 22nd, 3.

SPORT

TENNIS.—The Championships: Wimbledon, from June 24th.

RACING.—"Royal Ascot": to June 21st.

GOLF.—Open Championship: Muirfield, June 24th-28th.

England v. France (Women): Worplesdon, June 22nd.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Starr and Browning, coloured singers, entertain, and Gerhardi's band plays in the restaurant; dancing in the grill in any dress: extension, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Hyson and Roberts' Most Beautiful Girls; Colombo's dance band; dress as you will: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, where day or evening clothes go well: cabaret at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Sheila Barrett, an "impressionist" from Broadway, appears at midnight; dancing to Jack Harris; day clothes on the balcony; extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dwight Fiske, the New York cabaret wit, is a superb entertainer; Howard Jacobs' band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Midnight Follies have the Three Sailors, Diana Ward and some *Stop Press* stars as specialities; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—"Les Girls" from Monte Carlo sing and dance and look nice, and there are other turns to amuse; Sydney Lipton's band plays: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—The newest restaurant has good food and a good band; day or evening clothes are accepted.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Excellent food, especially fish, and good wines; lunch, dinner, supper; no music.

RITZ.—A café chantant evening, compèred by "Charlie," who sings charmingly; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Maurice Winnick's band plays; there 's no cabaret; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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The Latest 'Planes for Hendon

By Charles Ward

The Big Parade

One of the high spots of interest at the annual R.A.F. Display is the parade of experimental aircraft, some of which will eventually go into service with regular squadrons. This year there are eleven new types, including bomber-transports, a new 'plane for coastal reconnaissance, several for general purpose duties, a new single-seater fighter for the defence of London, and the latest version of the Pterodactyl. Of the first-named there are three examples, the most interesting being that built by Armstrong Whitworth. It is a cantilever monoplane of 1500 horse-power, with a retractible undercarriage, flaps, and enclosed gun-turrets. The Avro monoplane for coastal patrol has a maximum speed of 200 m.p.h., and the single-seater fighter for home defence, built by Gloster's, flies at approximately 250 m.p.h. with full load at 20,000 feet above sea-level. The Handley-Page monoplane is the most unorthodox of the general purpose types, fitted with slots, flaps, plates, and, in fact, every accessory to achieve a quick get-away and a slow landing. The Hawker "dive-bomber"—American for a 'plane that swoops down on its prey from a great height—is a development of the "Hart" day-bomber. There seems some doubt whether the Pterodactyl will be available. Earlier models have been on view both at Hendon and at provincial displays, and have become a popular turn as vehicles for balloon-strafing when piloted by Flight-Lieut. Stainforth.

Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton, who is an instructor at the A.S.T. School, Hamble, about to try out a Klemm "Swallow," with Mr. Gerald Farquharson standing by. The "Swallow" has a remarkable speed range, and is delightful to fly

News from the Tarmac

Brian Lewis, who runs the oldest agency for the sale of aircraft in this country, has moved from Heston to Aldenham, with Mr. Gordon Marshall in charge. The aerodrome is attached to the country club, which is easily reached from London by road, being only twelve miles out of town. The Company's branches at Hooton and Renfrew carry adequate stocks of Gipsy and Moth spares for clubs and private owners operating in the Midlands and the North. The Brooklands organisation has taken over the new club at Shoreham, which will be under the management of Mr. B. S. Smallman, who was a pilot during the war and has had considerable experience in aviation generally. The club should do good business, especially with members flying down from London for bathing and the bracing air for which Brighton is famous. At Heston there is to be a sales department, under the direct control of the company owning the airport. The aviation interests of Henley's have been taken over with Mr. J. J. Parkes as manager and test pilot. Mr. "Batts" Page, will be sales manager, whilst Mr. R. L'Estrange Malone and Mr. Mark Lacayo are also on the staff. The Short "Scion," the "Hawk" family, and de Havilland products are amongst the aircraft to be handled. The board of Airports, Ltd., the concern recently raised to the status of a public company to develop Gravesend and Gatwick, is particularly rich in talent. Sir John Higgins was for many years member for supply and research on the Air Council. Sir Felix Pole was in railways before he became chairman of an electrical combine, and his intimate working knowledge of rail transport will be of great value to the new compan" in its relations with the Southern.

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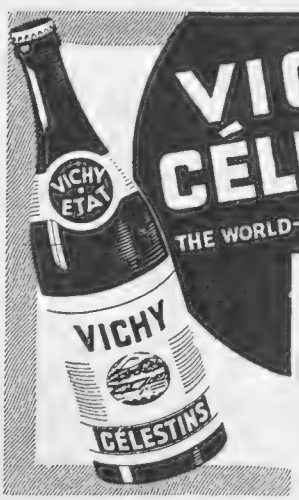

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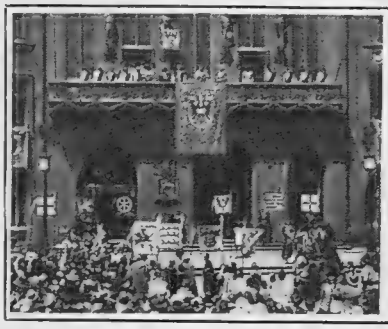

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Distinctive Dresses for Important People

June Brides

Left: Miss E. Hetherington, Clifton House, Matlock, Bath, will wear this lovely frock when she marries Mr. W. Stanton Fletcher, of Ollerton, on June 29th. It is designed by Marshall and Snelgrove, Sheffield, and is expressed in white chiffon, with long, tight sleeves and a square neck. The skirt and wide fan train are enlivened with net frills; while the three-quarter-length veil is held in position by a halo outlined with a single wreath of orange blossom

Right: Miss Jean Hamilton Trueman will wear this lovely frock when she marries Lieut. R. C. D. Haig, R.N., on June 29th, at Canterbury Cathedral. It is designed by Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge (Speciality Department), and is carried out in gold lamé with a graceful train which is cut in one with the skirt, and long, tight sleeves. The bride will carry a bouquet of roses and lilies, while her bridesmaids will wear daffodil yellow taffeta with delphiniums for the bouquets

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition — May Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last places; if there should be a further tie, the card played on the course with the highest scratch score wins.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name	Club	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Hughes	Cooden Beach ..	86	18	68	77	9 below
Miss Phyllis Moore ..	Stratford-on-Avon ..	68	1	67	74	7 „
Mrs. Bailey	Sandwell Park ..	75	8	67	73	6 „
Miss Sheila Stroyan ..	Wentworth (East) ..	82	14	68	74	6 „
Mrs. H. A. Gillett ..	Bedford and County ..	85	16	69	75	6 „
Mrs. Windsor Needham	Buxton and High Peak	72	4	68	73	5 „
Miss Enid Radcliffe ..	Mullion	73	7	66	71	5 „
Mrs. Walsh	Prestbury and Upton	82	11	71	76	5 „
Miss J. Heygate ..	Northamptonshire Cty	85	11	74	78	4 „
Mrs. Valpy French ..	Exmouth	79	12	67	71	4 „
Miss M. Johnson ..	Cooden Beach ..	87	14	73	77	4 „
Miss W. Dale	Sale	83	14	69	73	4 „
Mrs. W. Nelson ..	West Lancashire ..	86	18	68	72	4 „
Miss M. J. Couper ..	Gullane (No. 1) ..	75	1	74	77	3 „
Mrs. A. Bason ..	Prestbury and Upton	77	4	73	76	3 „
Miss Ruth Brown ..	Chislehurst	76	8	68	71	3 „
Miss W. Stampford ..	Hull	83	11	72	75	3 „
Miss M. Wick	Brough	81	11	70	73	3 „
Mrs. W. North ..	West Bradford ..	81	13	68	71	3 „
Mrs. H. Griffiths ..	Alderley Edge ..	85	14	71	74	3 „
Mrs. H. Garrard ..	Kingsthorpe	85	14	71	74	3 „
Mrs. R. J. Coombs ..	Spalding	82	14	68	71	3 „
Miss Mary Mulcaster..	Prestbury and Upton	88	15	73	76	3 „
Miss N. Margetson ..	Chislehurst	84	16	68	71	3 „
Miss K. Bentley ..	Ladbrook Park ..	77	4	73	75	2 „
Miss A. M. Troup ..	Northampton ..	83	10	73	75	2 „
Miss N. Williams ..	Sherwood Forest ..	85	11	74	76	2 „
Mrs. Hern	Hankley Common ..	83	13	70	72	2 „
Mrs. H. L. Flint ..	Sherwood Forest ..	88	14	74	76	2 „
Miss B. Scott	Bradford	86	14	72	74	2 „

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss J. Rinder ..	Cuddington	98	36	62	76	14 below
Mrs. W. A. Grantham	Hillside	92	30	62	75	13 „
Miss J. Hornabrook ..	Birkdale	99	34	65	76	11 „
Mrs. Pettit	Andover	95	34	61	72	11 „
Mrs. C. A. Robertson..	Worsley	99	36	63	74	11 „
Mrs. B. T. Kaile ..	Norwood	91	36	55	66	11 „
Miss E. Pitts	Goodwood	89	25	64	74	10 „
Mrs. M. Watson ..	Irvine	103	36	67	77	10 „
Mrs. C. D. Watson ..	Birkdale	102	36	66	76	10 „

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss I. Bottrill ..	Carholme	97	36	61	71	10 „
Miss M. Astell.. ..	Chislehurst	96	34	62	71	9 „
Miss M. Tyne	West Bowling ..	97	35	62	71	9 „
Mrs. A. Mutch ..	Oakdale	91	23	68	76	8 „
Miss Luke	Shirley Park	91	24	67	75	8 „
Miss D. M. Marsh ..	North Worcestershire	88	24	64	72	8 „
Miss A. Heywood ..	Chislehurst	87	24	63	71	8 „
Mrs. I. G. Tracey ..	North Wilts ..	94	29	65	73	8 „
Mrs. D'Arcy	Datchet	98	32	66	74	8 „
Miss D. Blythe ..	Sherwood Forest ..	104	36	68	76	8 „
Mrs. W. G. Turner ..	Alderley Edge ..	102	36	66	74	8 „
Miss M. Gillan ..	Sale	101	36	65	73	8 „
Mrs. E. L. Seaman ..	Royal Calcutta (Tollygunge) ..	85	19	66	73	7 „
Mrs. F. W. George ..	North Worcestershire	85	20	65	72	7 „
Miss H. Strutt ..	Northamptonshire Cty	92	21	71	78	7 „
Mrs. Wildgoose ..	Ringway	87	21	66	73	7 „
Mrs. W. B. Shields ..	Wentworth	89	22	67	74	7 „
Miss M. E. Appleyard	Oakdale	98	29	69	76	7 „
Miss M. E. Rhodes ..	Hesketh	103	36	67	74	7 „
Mrs. J. Wilson ..	Bramall Park ..	102	36	66	73	7 „
Miss Lythgoe	Freshfield	101	36	65	72	7 „

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Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. Frs. 8. Pen. fr. Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne. — Hotel Schweizerhof. — Every Comfort. Personal Attention. Golf, 18 holes. O. Hauser, Proprietor.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental.—On the lake. 1st cl. Up-to-date. An Ideal Home in a charm. pos. Park. Gar. New rates. (Prop., W. Deig).

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—The best of the best. Tennis, Bathing, Mountaineering. Dancing. Incl. terms from Frs. 16. Fritz. Borter, Prop.

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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Cannons

Mary Hawkins

Is the younger daughter of the late George Hawkins and Mrs. Hawkins, of Evelyn House, Hornton Street, W., and is engaged to Lloyd Knechtel, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Knechtel, of South Almont Drive, Beverly Hills, California

Stuart Hamilton

Amy Harington

Is marrying Dr. Charles Watson, son of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Watson, of Northfield, Beaconsfield, on July 1st; she is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. H. Harington, 84th Punjabis, and Mrs. Harington, of Greenaway, Beaconsfield, Bucks

Bromley — Selby

Rupert Howe Bromley, Grenadier Guards, son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Bromley, of 26, Cadogan Square, and Vera Selby, daughter of Sir Walford and Lady Selby, of the British Legation, Vienna, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Lenare

Miza Pauline Jaschke

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jaschke, of Prague, and is engaged to John Tulk-Hart Bigland, of Bigland Hall, Ulverston, Lancs., son of the late Dr. T. J. A. Tulk-Hart, of Brighton, and Mrs. Tulk-Hart

Tunbridge

Beatrice Stiebel

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stiebel, of 1, Sussex Place, W.2; she is engaged to Derek Gordon Hughes, Royal Engineers, the only son of the Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Hughes, of Upton St. Leonards, Gloucester

Dugdale — Tyner

John Dugdale, prospective Labour candidate for Cardiff Central, and son of Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Dugdale, of Sezincote, Moreton-in-Marsh, and Peggy Tyner, daughter of the late Elonzo Tyner, and Mrs. Tyner, of Washington, D. C., leaving the Chapel of the Savoy after their wedding

Lenare

Gillian Blake

Is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Jack Blake, of Monckton House, Alverstoke, Hants; she has announced her engagement to Lieut. Colin W. McMullen, R.N., third son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman McMullen

Elwin Neame

Sheila Sigrist

Is engaged to Neill Daunt, the younger son of the late William Daunt, and Mrs. Daunt, of 35a, Welbeck Street, W.1; she is the daughter of Frederick Sigrist, of Wychwood, Oxshott, Surrey

Tunbridge

Alice Brown

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Brown, of 72a, Blandford Street, W.1, and is engaged to Edmund P. Kohn-Speyer, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kohn-Speyer, of Old Quarry Hall, Bletchingley, Surrey

Lenare

Rosemary Culme-Seymour

Is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Commander and Mrs. Evelyn Culme-Seymour, of Murraybank, Murrayfield, Edinburgh; she is to marry Charles Stanwood, son of Professor and Mrs. D. C. Stanwood, of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, U.S.A.

Bradshaw — Wisely

Major J. R. L. Bradshaw, Foreign and Political Department of the Government of India, son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Bradshaw, and Peggy Wisely, daughter of R. H. Wisely, of 24 St. Petersburgh Place, W.2, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week

Collins — Bradshaw

G. A. K. Collins, the Sussex cricketer, son of the late Arthur J. Collins, of South Croydon, and Olive Angela Bradshaw, of Coombe Warren, Kingston Hill, leaving All Souls', Langham Place, after their wedding

Still — Maxwell

George B. Still, 19th Lancers, son of the late Charles Still, and Mrs. Still, of Clowdes, Seaton, Devon, and Violet Maxwell, daughter of the late Brig.-General Frank Maxwell, V.C., and Mrs. Maxwell, of Westport House, Malmesbury, Wilts, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Casson — Chester-Master

Lieut. John Casson, R.N., son of Lewis Casson, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, of 74, Oakley Street, S.W.3, and Patricia Mary Chester-Master, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester-Master, of Shanghai, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Whiteside—Farrington

B. N. H. Whiteside, M.P., son of the late Captain R. Borras Whiteside, and the Hon. Mrs. Whiteside, of 28, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.1, and Dorothy Farrington, daughter of the late John Farrington, and Mrs. Farrington, were married at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Speldhurst, Kent

Turvey — Figgis

Newton David M. Turvey, son of the late N. V. Turvey, and Mrs. A. H. Turvey, of St. James's Court, S.W.1, and Elizabeth Figgis, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Figgis, of Farnborough Grange, Warwickshire, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Rushbrook — Franks

William A. J. Rushbrook, son of Mrs. Rushbrook, of Woodbury, Farley Hill, Berks, and Suzanne Franks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Franks, of Beachholme, Guildford, Surrey, were married at Shalford Parish Church, near Guildford

Austin — Tighe

Raymond Howard Austin, son of Mrs. C. Howard Austin, of Rosayre, Eastbourne, and Helena Mary Winefride Tighe, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Stanislaus M. Tighe, were married last week in the Lady Chapel of Westminster Cathedral

Farquhar — Gilroy

A. H. Farquhar, of Barry Lodge, Hook Heath, Surrey, and Helen Priscilla Gilroy had a Scottish wedding, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Dundee. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Gilroy, of Fingask, Errol, Perthshire

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOLDEN ARROW.—Laurence Olivier, Cecil Parker, Helen Haye are in this new satirical comedy: Whitehall, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.40.

GRIEF GOES OVER.—A play about real people, neither fools nor angels, with a fine restrained performance by Sybil Thorndike to give it weight: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

HAMLET.—Last play of the Dublin Gate Theatre Company's season, with Michael MacLiamonoir as Hamlet: Westminster, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HERVEY HOUSE.—Nicholas Hannen as a ducal statesman, Fay Compton as his wife, and Gertrude Lawrence his mistress; the cast and the setting make it worth while: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MASK OF VIRTUE.—Polished tricks and trifling in Ashley Dukes' eighteenth-century manner, with Frank Cellier and Jeanne de Casalis as aristocratic intriguers, Vivien Leigh as the attractive dupe: St. James's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ROULETTE.—A patchy story in a Monte Carlo setting; the dialogue is versatile, and Hella Kurty as a gambler's bride, Margaret Rawlings as a cocotte, and Austin Trevor as a waiter miss no opportunities: Duke of York's, 8 30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER.—This wonderful American gives the last week of her three weeks' "character sketch" season: Haymarket, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.45.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—A mixture of comedy and a little tragedy, with beautiful acting by Eugénie Leontovich, and Cedric Hardwicke, Evelyn Roberts, and Allan Aynesworth all in excellent form: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah; the story is as human as historical: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—The new Cochran-Cole Porter show, with Jeanne Aubert, Sydney Howard, Adèle Dixon, Peter Haddon: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLOT'S CHAR-A-BANG!—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good review: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon. Sat., 2.30.

First Night

TO THIS EXTREMITY.—Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka are the only characters in this German "suspense-drama": Embassy, June 24th.

CINEMAS

AGE OF INDISCRETION.—Madge Evans, May Robson and Helen Vinson revolving round Paul Lukas: Empire.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.—George Arliss puts on the robes of yet another big man of history: Leicester Square.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Ronald Colman as Clive; Loretta Young as his wife, in this history-into-play-into-film: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS.—A French film of the Dumas story, with Yvonne Printemps as Marguerite Gautier, Pierre Fresnay as Armand Duval: Academy.

THE DIVINE SPARK.—A private life of Bellini, with Phillips Holmes as the composer, Martha Eggerth as the girl he loved; the settings are really Italian and very lovely: Curzon.

GOING TO TOWN.—The new Mae West display, with Paul Cavanagh and Ivan Lebedeff as the boys: Carlton.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.—Charlie Ruggles as the butt of the comedy, with Mary Boland and Leila Hyams. Also FLIRTATION WALK, an all-star musical, with Dick Powell, Ruby Keller and Pat O'Brien: Plaza

ROBERTA.—The Broadway musical success in its screen shape stars Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irene Dunne; it 's full of good tunes and dancing: Tivoli.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS.—John Buchan's famous story directed for the screen by Alfred Hitchcock; with Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll as stars: New Gallery.

THE WEDDING NIGHT.—Anna Sten as a farmer's daughter who falls for Gary Cooper as a New York author, and their story ends in tragedy: London Pavilion.

WEREWOLF OF LONDON.—A thriller, naturally, with Henry Hull and Warner Oland playing lead: Capitol.

Mirth and Mystery

ACCIDENTALLY YOURS.—George Robey and Alice Delysia in a farce from the French: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—A comedy of flirtations, with Ronald Squire, king of philanderers, Nora Swinburne Marda Vanne: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

CHASE THE ACE.—An Anthony Kimmins comedy, played by Marie Löhr, Winifred Shotter, Edward Chapman, George Relph: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams as the murderer of this intelligent and amusing murder play; Angela Baddeley as the girl, Dame May Whitty as the old hag, and Kathleen Harrison as a super-funny cook: Duchess 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—A really amusing farcical thriller, with good laughs and "the creeps" taking turns; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are the chief performers: New, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—Yet another good murder play, full of excitement; Leslie Banks as the poisoner; Louise Hampton and Elena Miramova as his wives St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

PAGEANTRY, SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ALDERSHOT TATTOO.—Last performances of the Army's finest spectacle of the year: Aldershot, to June 22nd.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: Olympia, June 20th-29th.

E. WEILL.—Exhibition of Paintings: Wertheim Galleries, Burlington Gardens.

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House.

JAGGER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.—Jagger's sculpture of war and peace subjects: 5a, Pall Mall East. 10-10. Sundays. 10-6. Floodlit, 8-10 p.m.

RUSSIAN ART.—Pictures, jewels, ikons, porcelain, ballet costumes, all of Imperial Russia: 1, Belgrave Square.

(*Continued on page* ii)

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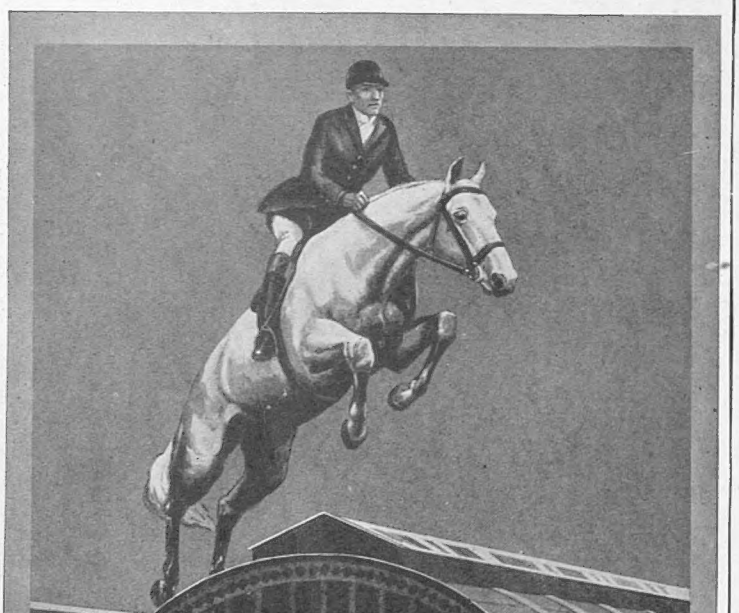

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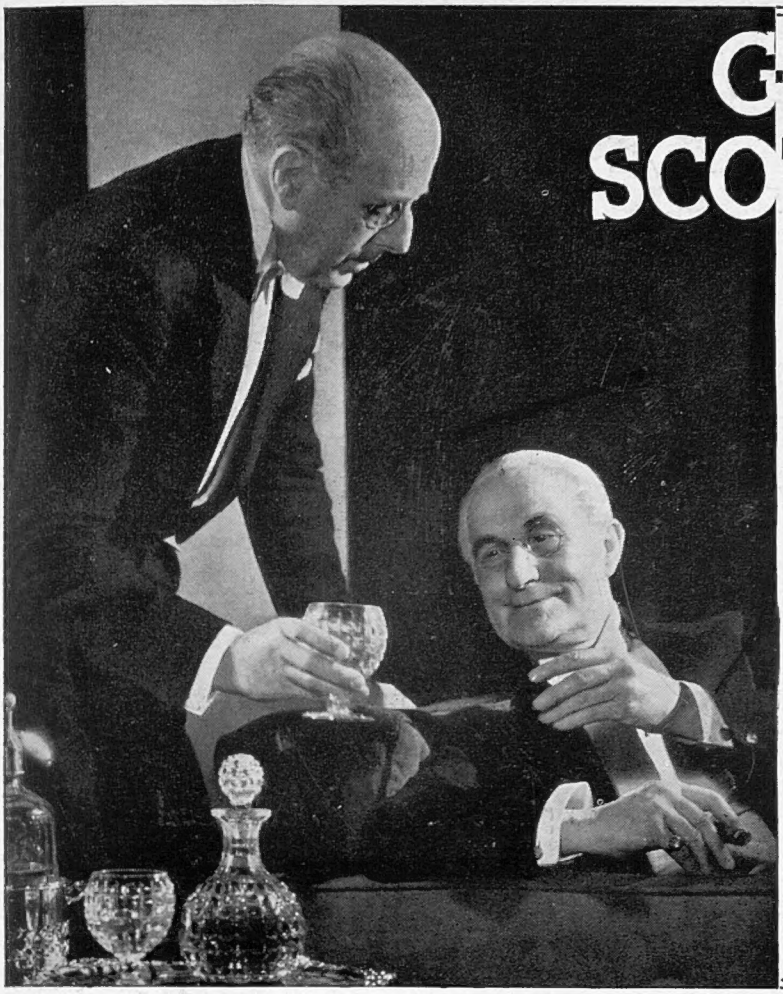

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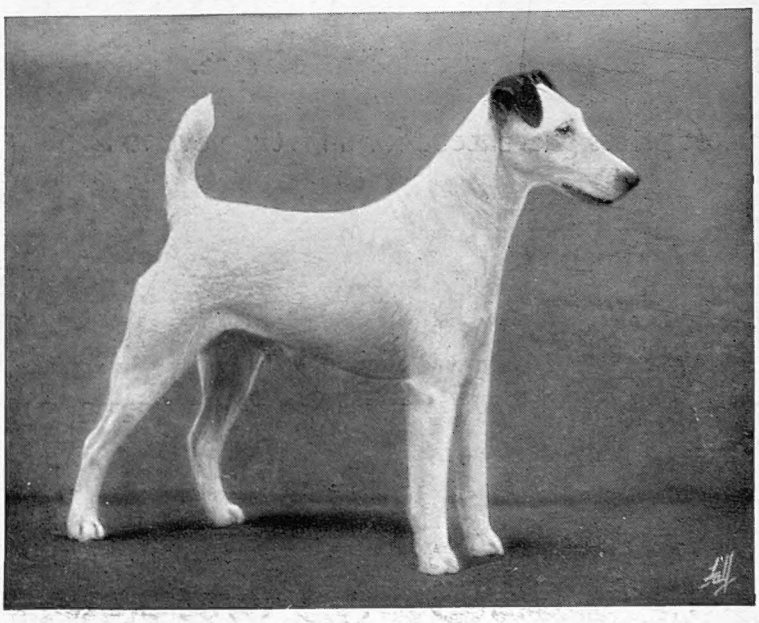

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